

The Rise and Fall of the Paris Bernieris

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MAGAZINE



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THE LAST OF THE ALL-MALE SPORTS

THE TALKING BY ONE MILLIONAIRE SHE-DEVIL

Sore Our
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on the Hilda
submerged
(in water),
Hans, Henry
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a warming
light on the
makes a case
for swimming
the swimming
pool as well



Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

LARRY REICH • editor

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SEPTEMBER, 1963

VOL. 7, NO. 2

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COVER PHOTO by Fremont

ACE MAGAZINE, Vol. 7, No. 2, Sept., 1963 issue. Published bi-monthly by Four Star Publications Incorporated, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Price per copy 50c. Subscriptions \$1.00 per year if six issues. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N.Y. Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and Rockville, Md. Not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts and/or photographs. Advertising Representatives, Nathan Katz Associates, 410 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York. Printed in U.S.A.

American advertisers are still unblushingly promising anything to their potential customers—including even a wonderfully blissful “after-life.”

Those Super Duper Superlatives



ARE you looking for a wife? A pretty one? Well, your success is pretty much guaranteed if you smoke a particular brand of cigarettes. If you've seen the television commercials for Viceroy, you'll recall a small drama involving a man in need of a smoke but who is about to make the grave mistake of choosing an unnamed brand. Then quickly, a pretty lass comes to our hero's rescue with a Viceroy—that's right. Not only that, ten seconds later, our hero has married the girl—that's right. At least if you're going to die of lung cancer, Viceroy promises an attractive way of going about it. Looking for a pretty wife? That's right.

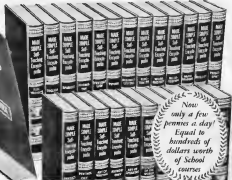
Do you feel that getting ahead in life requires the kind of luck that you can buy for \$7? What is offered here is not a gilt-trimmed rabbit's foot, but it is the Wall Street Journal. This venerable publication has an ad, titled, "The Luckiest \$1 I Ever Spent." To quote a section from it: "I went for a trial subscription. For the first time in my life I began to understand why some men get ahead while others stay behind." The ad amplified this by talking about new inventions, new industries and new ways of increasing one's income. So, good ACE readers, you have our blessings to subscribe and see if the Journal doesn't put you hundreds of dollars ahead.

Perhaps you're a time-capsule bug, one who desires to preserve past events on records. It's not a bad idea, either, because it certainly would be wonderful to hear Lincoln's Gettysburg Address again, delivered by the Great Emancipator himself. Yet, Random Productions is offering you a chance to start now! "Listen to the Legend," they cry out. "Now Eddie Fisher adds to the legend of the White Garden, the legend of John, of Carter, of the great one-man shows. Here is Eddie Fisher's magic night, recorded live!" Maybe, but we think something's missing—like a few words from Liz Taylor.

Do you take a fancy to clear water? Well, the Bahamas Development Board has an ad which says, "Simple fact: The water of the Bahamas is the clearest in the world." To prove it, the ad shows an unapproached color photo of a girl swimming underwater. Unfortunately, while we'll admit the scene looks pretty, the water is still a bit too murky for an aquatic. There's a stream in back of our summer cottage that looks clearer.

We've always liked the ad for a New York restaurant that calls itself "The Second Most Charming Restaurant in the World"—Wolga Devries. ●

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BACKTALK

BY KSI (Karl S. Ivers)

Dear ACE:

Lester Dawes gave an extremely interesting account of the evolution of folk singing ("The Battle of the Folk Singers' Pals"), but I question whether he is correct in describing those more artistic performers as "anti-romantic."

In fact, I believe that there has been too much talk about the Freudian implications in modern folk, and I suppose your Mr. Dawes would call me anti-romantic, too, for saying such.

However, I think that by adopting the approach he uses, Mr. Dawes is obscuring the real meaning and sentiment of modern folk singing, and thereby is doing the many talented and sensitive performers a grave injustice.

Christopher Laszlo Jr.
Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Dear ACE:

Congratulations to Lester Dawes! He really puts these phonies in their places. Actually, these youngsters have taken the folk out of folk singing, preserving an ultra-refined stylization of something that used to have considerable meaning.

It is strange hearing songs created long ago by virile men, sung in the much older tradition of the minstrel. It is almost like listening to a concert of abstract mathematics. I hope the present trend doesn't go on to infinity, though.

R. N. Aronkin
Cincinnati, Ohio

URING UP

Dear ACE:

Murray Delman's article, "How to Chase Women and Improve Your Health" (May), left me a sport that has stood many romances quite well—surf boarding. It gives a girl plenty of opportunity to show off her athletic prowess, as well as her beautiful form. In addition, there are plenty of thrills to take a girl over

until a Romeo gets her into the bedroom.

Robert V. Langston
Santa Barbara, Calif.

LOW AND MILD

Dear ACE:

It should be pointed out that there are many pitfalls in accepting franchises which your article, "How to be a Tycoon the Easy Way" (July) didn't go into deeply enough. Mainly it is the fact that companies often give a pay-in-the-sky sales pitch, such as, "Give yourself a little time, and if you're half a salesman, you'll make a fortune!" The truth is that many of the locations up for franchises cannot be mined by even a super salesman.

Finally, I think a man is often tempted—as the result of the rosy picture painted by the companies—to go into a business he doesn't care about. Thus he is licked before he starts.

Sam Gregorides
Elmer, Miss.

Dear ACE:

You should be commended for your article on franchises. I have always wanted my husband to go into business for himself. Your article has tipped us off to where we can look—and it may eventually prove to have opened a new life for us. Thank you so much.

Mrs. Mary D. Costigan
Youngstown, Ohio

THEY'RE DE-LIT-A-ED

Dear ACE:

The cover girl on your July issue, Lita Carson, is certainly the greatest thing to come down the pike since Helen of Troy and the Greeks and Trojans at each other's throats. She has the look of eternal youth about her, and yet she's mature enough to make any boy feel very much like a grown-up man.

Charles Eardley
Shirley Lehr
Dubuque, Iowa

Ace MAGAZINE GIFTS OF THE MONTH



MUSICAL LIGHTER

The perfect lighter for the perfect smoker. Plays "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" every time you strike it. Steps automatically when the tune is over. Randomly styled, fluted case has gleaming guitar finish, is less than one-half inch thick. An outstanding gift for both men and women. The expensive look of an amazingly low price. Gift boxed. **\$6.95**



SEVEN SISTER STEP-INS

How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven beauty, curve-hugging embossed pasties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gifts can be made that they come in seven different, so lovely colors? The *Alphas* box can be used as a jewel case. **\$6.95**



GLOBAL WRISTWATCH

All eyes are drawn to the lovely as it that wears this handsome watch. Swiss made, macroplace tells the time onyx in the world features shock protected movement, anti-magnetic, anti-spring, sweep second hand, unbreakable men spring, polished stainless steel, luminous dial, genuine leather strap and comes in a smartly-styled presentation case. **\$14.95**



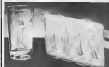
PEANUT PISTOL

The Sinking ship name. The *Movie* your choice. The *Movie* show these office drubbers what's the real big shot. The *Movie* world's smallest (just 1 1/2") which fires silently with the noise of a fountain. Looks real in its sophisticated steel—but perfectly harmless. 21 shots included. **\$3.95**



CUSTOM CAR PLATE

How is ideal way to give a custom touch to your automobile. This distinctive, solid brass plate is hand engraved with your own name on it. Fits anywhere with its adhesive back and will not damage car finish. Only **\$7.95**



ICE MOLD CUTIES

Ice tray with 8 molds shaped like gorgeous sealed shells. Fill with water, freeze, pop out of mold and build your drinks around real delicacies. Make your parties the ones that are talked about. If you entertain, you should have plenty of these Ice Molds. **\$1.95** for a tray of 8 molds.



GURKHA BATTLE HAT

Grabbing Gurkha Battle Hat is worn by the tough, wayward soldiers who have served for pay in the Indian army for 100 years. Little green cloth hats are handwoven, attached, have high peak for rainwater, upturned sides "like" brim, Gurkha in origin. Made in India. Specify size. Unisex for only **\$6.95**.



BULL WHIPS

Artisanal old-time western bull whips (like the ones stagecoach drivers used) are complete in weighted metal handle. You can really feel it! It's one and it makes a terrific crack. Top grade, 3-ply, split calf, belayed for accuracy. Real working kays. 4 ft., only **\$8.95**, 6 ft., only **\$10.95**, 10 ft., only **\$12.95** and 12 ft., only **\$14.95**



PITH HELMET

Deposited British-Indian helmet. Made with 90% silk in full inch thick. Covered in traditional white fabric and lined with green cloth. Baggy, padded leather straps and padded goad. Weight only 10 ounces. Please specify size. **\$6.95**

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Please rush me: Enclosed find \$_____ Cash, Check or Money Order (Write for FREE Gift Catalog)

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☐ GLOBAL WRISTWATCH

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THE TAMING OF THE

FICTION

It's often quite easy to
underestimate a young husband.

Yet in this instance, it

took a man whose brains
matched his brawn to take
her and make her his own.



MILLIONAIRE SHE-DEVIL

BY HAL HERNIMAN

I MAC SUTHERLAND, know more about the Gillette-Malden affair than anybody, so I suppose I should be the one to tell it. The truth about it, I mean. A lot of ugly lies have been circulating around, and because of the way it all turned out, it's time to wipe the slate clean.

At the time of the "affair" (I can't think of a better word) I was secretary-treasurer of Gillette Gems, Ltd., of Georgetown, British Guiana. Although certain wits must G.O. make razor blades, they actually mine diamonds. The mine and field headquarters is located in the jungle way up near the headwaters of the Essequibo River. A dozen British and American admin-

istrative personnel live in a cluster of ugly buildings near an even uglier native village from which they get the hard help. It's all pretty depressing—except for the pay, which is the only thing that keeps most of them there.

Anyway, our beloved boss and owner of the outfit, Jason Gillette, was a capacious but good-hearted old bastard who, because he was human, had his troubles. This story begins about a year ago when his biggest trouble was his 19-year-old daughter, Judith. It seems that, after her mother died, Jason stuck Judy in a posh eastern U.S. girls' school. "Stay here till you get married," he told her. Then he came down to the bush, thinking his problem was solved.

But Judy was too much like her old man to have her life mapped out for her like that. There were too many areas on her own personal map marked "unexplored"—and Judy intended to fill in those blank spots. The next thing old Jason knew, his daugh-

(Cont. on p. 63)



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS BORDELLOS

BY CLAUDE W. JANNON

ON THE 18th DAY of April, 1946, a French institution that served as a magnet for men all over the world was brought to a sudden and shattering halt. Parisian homosexuals and a young generation of moralists had won victory in a battle which had been going on for more than 50 years. The bordellos of Paris—the fabulous *maisons de tolérance*—were being locked and bolted for the last time.

Theirs was a long career and an honorable one. In their day, these luxurious pleasure houses had served kings and dukes, members of international society, as well as ordinary men from every corner of the earth who visited Paris in order to see "life."

But now they were a thing of the past. The law was written and the handwriting was clear. The Paris bordellos were dead.

But if 1946 can be given as the date of their death, what year can be assigned as the birth date of the bordellos? Or were they always as much a part of the Paris scene as was the river Seine?

As far as prostitutes are concerned, no one can say when they got there. Perhaps a shapely contingent of *démoussolées* were already on hand to greet the invading Romans when they captured the place in 51 B.C. If not, you can be certain

that those ancient masters of the art of love wasted no time in training likely young ladies to enter the profession.

Since that time, however, they have never left. There have been sporadic attempts to "purify" the city, of course. But these were as doomed to failure as the try by King Louis IX, who ran France from 1226 to 1270.

Louis, who was brought up by a domineering mother, often reads like a character invented by the late Sigmund Freud. He hated sex in general, prostitutes in particular, and would amuse himself by inventing strange punishments for any of his knights who was caught visiting a lady of the evening.

What really flipped His Majesty took place when he learned that the Parisian gay girls were living and dressing better than many a virtuous housewife. The solution? Bounce them all out of town.

The ladies moved, all right—to just beyond the city's borders. There, they set up shop in small cottages that were known as *bordas*. If a man wanted to visit a prostitute, he had no choice but to go to her *borde* and so the name became associated with houses of ill repute. Eventually, a diminutive was added and *borde* became *bordello*.



The world's
oldest profession
never reached
to more dazzling
heights than it
did in the City
of Light. And in
its prime it was
the big reason
why gay Paris was
so very, very gay.

You might even say that bordellos can date their birth to 1254 when Louis IX decided to clean up Paris.

The earliest bordellos were not very luxurious places. They were painted green (considered to be a "naughty" color) and kept small, Spartan, and bare. A nobleman might keep his mistresses in luxury, but this was another matter.

A reason for this was that most Parisians agreed with Louis that prostitutes should not be

allowed to make much money. Any who wore furs and jewelry were liable to have them stripped off by a crowd of angry women.

The only spots which did foreshadow the later luxury bordellos were steam baths — the idea of which was brought back to Europe by returning Crusaders. The baths often featured food and drink as well as mixed bathing, and once used by prostitutes provided spots where couples could pair off.
(Cont. on next page)

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS BORDELLOS

The real rise of the bordellos, however, did not begin until the last days of the monarchy.

Prostitute at this time were not only beautiful and expensively dressed, they were highly specialized. One bordello for example, was staffed by so-called *Revueuses* who were chosen because of their resemblance to famous society women. The girls were not only dressed and made up to look like their originals, they were even trained to imitate their speech and actions!

Still other houses employed *Chanteuses* who were supposed to be able to sing a man into a passion or *Conseillers* who could talk a man wild. Perhaps the most interesting specialty was that of the *Revueuses* who prided themselves on being able to fan a final spark of life into the most elderly client!

In the very heart of these establishments, such as the one known as *Le House of Jeanne la Grande*, you could have taken your choice of these and still other specialties.

After the monarchy was swept away in 1793, the French republic removed a final barrier to the rise of the bordellos. This was the fear of "venereal disease" which cast a nagging shadow over the most luxurious pleasure houses. The *Parlements* did this by licensing the brothels and forcing each girl to undergo a regular medical inspection.

The Paris police were in charge of this arrangement, and they took their responsibilities seriously. By 1801, they employed no less than sixteen doctors solely for this purpose! But if the net result of the new inspection system was to turn the bordello into a primary pleasure palace, that result was a while in coming. In the early days of the revolution there was even talk of outlawing the bordellos altogether. This was partly due to the natural puritanism of revolutionaries, but mostly because the greedy establishments of the past were associated with the hated aristocracy.

France had to wait until Napoleon

III founded his Second Empire before there were moments to compete with those of the days of the first kings.

The best-known madams and the most beautiful of the prostitutes were not only owners of their own maisons, but were accepted into the the highest circles of society. They ruled a special world of their own called the *deux-monde* where a duchess and a courtesan stood on equal terms.

Many of the madams of that period had highly respectable backgrounds, and they looked for income as well as beauty when they hired a lady of the evening. One of the most popular prostitutes was an English girl, named *Coco* Pearl, who came from a middle-class background.

Where did the madams find the sort of girls they wanted? The best place to look was on the outskirts of the aristocracy. A pretty girl who separated from her husband, for example, was often deluged by offers from the different deluxe establishments.

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 put an indelible end to the glorious empire of Napoleon III. The end of the war saw the country overrun and in bad shape economically. Add to this a good deal of social unrest, and you can see why it took until almost the turn of the century for the bordellos to rise again to their former heights. But when they did, they kept on climbing.

There is little doubt that the Paris bordello reached its highest peak of luxury and sensuality in the years from 1885 to 1914. During this time, all the techniques and variations first employed in earlier eras were restored and refined, while new techniques and variations were developed.

This period has come to be known as *La Belle Epoque*, and it was highlighted by such lovely and famous ladies of the evening as *Coco* Marinié, *Gaby de Nerval* and *Liane de Pougy*.

Even the ordinary maisons were delightful places for a man to visit. The girls, whose ages ranged from twenty-one through the middle thirties, wore expensive make-up, sleek, transparent robes and had their hair done daily by skilled hairdressers. The girls were all registered with the police, and twice a week would receive a physical examination.

The girls in these lesser houses worked from two in the afternoon until three o'clock the following morning. By that time, the most glamorous of them would have made arrangements to sleep out with a favorite client. The others would retire to the attic where, in contrast to the more luxurious scene below, they slept by pairs on small iron cots.

The finest establishments did more than provide shelter and more glamorous girls. In the first place they were exclusive. You could not even get inside the front door unless you had been properly recommended to the proprietress. And, once inside, you could be certain of meeting the most fashionable members of the highly glittering Paris society. It was said at the time, that it was harder to get into one of the better Paris bordellos than it was to be admitted to a top English club.

Once you had entered, however, you were in a world of rich almost Oriental luxuries. The draperies and carpets were expensive. The pictures and tapestries that hung on the wall had a subtle criticism (The more blatant delights of the "French protocol" were reserved for the back-alley and were looked to the walls of tenements or plain street-walkers.)

The women were all beautifully built and dressed according to the latest fashions. They were remarkably intelligent and could hold conversations on a wide range of subjects. The education and new freedom of mind that was imparted to their wives and families, they found exciting when it. (Cont on p. 67)



**CAN
YOU
TOP
THIS?**

Natural blonde actress Tina Turner proves she's still a natural beauty with

black hair. What can look sexier than this sensuous dancer with a wig?



Remember the Greek
myth about Leda and the
swan? In her pool
Ariane makes like lovely
Leda—bewigged,
bothered and bewildered.
Out of the pool, this
luscious lass shows
that she's still quite
a "swonderful" vision.





FICTION BY ROGER WILKS

THE MAN OF



FINANCIAL AFFAIRS

TO BE A SUCCESSFUL FORTUNE HUNTER, A MAN MUST BE EQUIPPED TO ENJOY THE PASSIONS OF DETACHED LOVE.

IT WAS, ARCHIE KNEW, going to be one of those days. His life was just too damn complicated, and complications had a way of coming to a head—a painful head. And that about summed up the prospects of the day, or so it seemed to him as he rolled out of bed around mid-morning, rang for coffee and shaved himself carefully while he waited for room service to deliver it.

After the second cup, although the prospects hadn't changed, things didn't look quite so bleak. Archie dressed slowly and carefully and when he stepped through the hotel's revolving doors into the warm Roman sunlight the picture he presented would have done credit to a men's fashion magazine. He strolled across the Via Veneto to the little cafe where he was meeting Simone for lunch.

Ah, Simone, he thought to himself as he walked towards the outdoor table she sat at, waiting for him. She bounced up and down a little in her French way as he approached. It was her way of greeting him; it was also her way of reminding him of their energetically passionate nights.

Ah, Simone! When she bounced everything bounced. Her short summer skirt played peek-a-boo with flushed thighs and her breasts wriggled half-free of the loose, low-cut peasant blouse no real European peasant girl would ever be allowed to wear. Her red hair tossed about her bare shoulders and her hips circled the wicker chair in an impatience that lunch would do little to abate.

"Allo, Archie, mon cher." She followed through on an upward bounce until she was on tiptoe and kissed him warmly on the Ups.

"Ah, Simone," Archie verbalized the feeling. "You look *tres* beautiful today."

"Just today?" She pouted playfully.

"Every day. It's just that every sun finds your

beauty increasing. You always are a revelation."

"Whoever said so English were reticent and not romantics?" She kissed him again and pulled him to a chair.

"The same fellow who said the French are hot-blooded."

"You don't find eet so?"

"It's too true."

"So? You don't like eet?"

"Privately very much. Publicly very much too, but I have this neurosis about husbands wandering upon such a scene."

"I thought you like my husband," she teased him.

"I do. Very much. I just have the feeling that if he saw you kissing me that way it might interfere with our friendship."

"You really do like Fred; zat surprises me. I don't like him at all. He ees such a bum. He ees lazy; he ees no good."

"Well, Simone, you're looking at him from a typically wifely point of view. Perhaps because I don't have to live with him, I find him likable."

"He ees a lazy English bum. He doesn't work; he doesn't even look for a job. I 'ave to support him and he even gambles my money away."

"I don't work either."

"That ees different, Archie. You 'ave money."

"Not really."

"I know betair. You 'ave more zan enough money. Fred ees always broke."

"Maybe I'm just luckier than he is."

"A man makes his own luck," Simone told him and changed the topic.

But he thought of the remark later, after she'd left him to go back to her job as a secretary with the Roman branch of a French perfume company. It was true. In many ways he did make his own luck—both good, and bad. (Cont. on p. 69)

Mr. Robert Jones

Room No. 1412

BILLS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE AS RENDERED

	1 day	3 days	
Room			\$42.00
Room Tax			1.26
Telephone	for 2 days @ 25¢		2.50
Laundry			3.25
Hotel			2.50
Telephone			
Cash			
Telegram			
Sandwich			
Restaurant			
Miscellaneous			
Room Service			200.00

Total

\$251.00

Love on a Credit Card

THE PLACE is a bedroom suite in a swank Manhattan hotel. The time is in the early evening of a certain date last January.

A businessman who's spending three weeks in New York City, attending to his company's affairs finds himself unexpectedly alone for the night. Not knowing what else to do, he decides to order dinner alone in his room and get an early start to bed.

Shortly after he phones room service, however, a smartly uniformed bellhop appears at his door. The attendant is very respectful,

and knows and knows for the proper amount of time before getting down to cases. At last, though, he asks the businessman whether he wouldn't like some companionship for the evening.

"Companionship?" the businessman repeats, not wanting to commit himself until he knows the score.

"Yes, sir. Attractive feminine companionship."

The hotel guest is definitely interested. But a major hitch suddenly comes up. The lady's fee—an outlined by the attendant—is high. And, for one reason or another, the business-

man does not happen to have so much cash on his person. What can he do?

The bellhop gives him an impatient shrug. "You belong to a credit card plan?" he asks.

The guest does. He gives the name of the credit firm to the bell-boy.

"Then everything is fine, sir. I can easily arrange to have this service charged right on your card!"

Does this scene sound familiar? Like a chapter out of a cheap paperback novel? Perhaps it does. Yet it did happen, what's more, scenes like it are taking place every day in

BY
HUNTINGTON
CARVER

It's pretty common these days for businessmen to throw credit card parties in posh hotels, and the most popular game is one with kings and queens wild.



A black and white photograph showing a hand holding a credit card. The card has the words "PLAY NOW, PAY LATER" printed on it in a bold, sans-serif font. Behind the card, a stack of US dollar bills is visible, with a \$100 bill at the top. The hand is positioned as if presenting the card and the money.

cities and towns across the nation. Nevertheless, this is just a small part of the complete picture. Our enterprising beliboy is merely one example of a new use for credit cards which is becoming more and more blatantly common throughout the United States. The finding and paying for sex.

If a man has one of these magic plaster pasteboards in his wallet, he can come up with just about what he wants in the way of kicks. He can have his fun now and worry about paying for it when the bill comes in at the end of the month. In some

cases, he never has to worry about paying for it at all!

Does this affect many men? Far more than you'd think. Several million people have joined one or more of the various credit card plans since their first swooning during the 1950s. And most of these cardholders are men—and men with know-how, savvy and a zest for life.

Almost invariably, credit card holders have a knowledge of the good things in life—wine, women and song in particular—and are used to having them.

The reason for this is that not

every man can get a hold of a credit card. If you were to apply for one, for instance, your income would be checked very carefully. One outfit, American Express, does not like to give cards to anyone who makes less than \$7500 a year. And Hilton Credit refuses to give Carte Blanche to a man who's less than 35 years old.

The companies carry their choosiness to the extreme of being careful about where they pass out their promotional literature. According to a report in the Wall Street Journal, a paper which has become the busi-

LOVE ON A CREDIT CARD

retailer's table, the Dorsey Club pulled out their advertising displays from over a thousand bus stops "because they were attracting 'undesirable' applicants."

Even if you're accepted by a credit card plan, there is no guarantee that you'll stay in. If your income drops, for example, you are likely to be dropped with just as hard a thump. In a single year, one credit card outfit dropped some 40,000 people in what was described as a "preventative action." In a recent two-year period, another company cancelled a grand total of 200,000 cards.

So far, we've been talking about individual card holders. But there is an even more privileged class of card holders who have an even better reason for playing fast and loose on the cuff: This is the company card man.

The company credit card has several good legitimate reasons for being. In the first place, buyers do have to be entertained. As a well-known clothing manufacturer told me recently, "I realize that entertainment has nothing to do with whether or not a man has a good dress line. But unless our salesmen were and dine the buyers whenever they come to town, our sales drop so that it makes my head spin.

"It isn't reasonable, and personally I don't like the system much. But there is nothing I can do about it except to encourage my men to give the customers anything they want."

Also, in many cases, business deals seem to go smoother and faster in the relaxing atmosphere of restaurants, night clubs and golf courses than they do in the more formal atmosphere of an office.

"I don't think I've ever finalized a major deal made in an office," reports one executive of a large advertising agency. "There's something stiff and formal about an office setup that inhibits people from getting together. Give a man a few drinks, show him a good time and he becomes less tense and suspicious and more ready to do business."

I asked about the presence of girls. "Do they make an evening more successful and relaxed?"

"Good-looking girls will make any time of day more successful," he laughed, and then went on more seriously: "Look, no sharp, top-notch operator is going to tell himself down the river simply to have a well-built girl for free. But if you supply the girls, their presence will certainly make him think more kindly toward you. And as long as the competition is even, that's a big point in your favor."

Granted that companies need to lay out cash so that their top men can entertain, why bother with handing them credit cards?

For one thing, they have a more accurate knowledge of where the money is spent. A man who takes a few hundred bucks to entertain a customer can only give his word as to where and how the money was spent. For all the company knows he may stash part of the lost away until he accumulates enough to buy a load of goodies for his girl friend. But when a credit card is used, the establishment both stamps a receipt and the eventual bill.

Secondly, each credit card outfit has a great many different establishments that honor its holders. A company might have charge accounts in a few restaurants, but that way a customer can often be taken to the place he wants to go.

In addition, the credit card comes in mighty handy for a company who has its executives and salesmen on the road. They can use it for their own lodging, food and what have you.

One other extremely important reason is that, since entertainment and traveling expenses are a legitimate cost of doing business, a company needs some proof of how this money is spent in order to take it off its own tax returns.

There are all legitimate reasons. But there is one other credit card being that nobody will talk about—at least, for publication:

Once a man gets in a certain income tax bracket, a salary decrease does not mean very much any more. Most of it will be sent directly to Uncle Sam in the form of taxes. But a company credit card. —Ah, there's another matter.

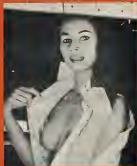
As long as our executive is winning, dining and golfing to promote company business, he's spending company money on company affairs and certainly doesn't have to pay taxes on it. And who is to say when he is or is not on the job? A smooth-speaking company man can get just about all the kicks he wants—without spending a cent of his own. Actually, a company credit card in often the equivalent of a very special, very nice sort of case.

(A special note here: New tax laws, now in effect, are designed to eliminate this situation, at least partially. But, since at this writing we are known just how they will be enforced, many of the company "cards" are still doing business at the same old stand. Also, some insiders believe that the laws won't make too much difference, anyway, since ways will quickly be devised to get around them.)

So we have two classes of credit card men: The private card holder and the happy-go-lucky company man. Both of these types used their credit cards to obtain up appropriate bonuses for almost as long as the cards have been in existence. Not only can ladies be shown the town on credit, but jewelry, furs, handbags and other items close to the feminine heart may also be purchased through the magical card. It is only one step away from the purchase of the ladies themselves.

When such a step is both obvious and cheerfully inviting, you can bet your bread, new credit card that somebody is going to take it. And that is exactly what's been happening during the past several years.

How does it work? Simply it itself. Restaurants or night clubs will have a whole group of available ladies of the evening (Cont. on p. 57)



Special Delivery From Tahiti

Our photographer has turned up
an exciting closeup of a Bounty
descendant whose charms, need-
less to say, are most beautiful.



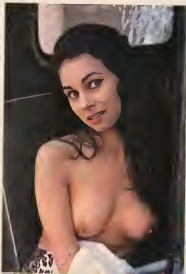
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FROM our photographer comes the following tidbits concerning his discovery. "How the movie people overlooked Richena during the filming of *The Mummy* on the Boney, I'll never know. She's a school teacher, age 18, speaks fluently three languages—French, English, Spanish. Likes to swim and fish, also to dance (which she does like a professional!)"

"She's not sure which Boney crewman she's descended from, but the best evidence points to Fletcher Christian. Yet whoever her ancestor is, she can be sure she is doing him mighty proud."

She is named Richena, after the highest peak on this paradise isle—and most appropriately—for gazing at her brings one to the peak of appreciation.





**Mel
Tormé**

The Day He

BY JAY MARVIN



It took many sessions
with a psychiatrist to take
Tormé out of torment and
turn him into one of the best
jazz singers around today.

Came Out of the Fog

TAKE A SINGER who is also a musician and a composer. Load him up with more basic talent than almost anyone else in his generation. Give him an early head start as an idol of the teen-age crowd, and then let him go. . . .

Let several years pass and what do you end up with? A solid favorite like Sinatra? A household name like Bing Crosby? Wrong. You end up with a night-hare-deer. A name which the average pop tune fan either doesn't remember at all, or—which is worse—only recalls as a shadowy memory out of the recent past.

Now, take the same man and have him turn his back on instant popularity. Let him leave the screeching mobs to Frankie Avalon and Pat Boone in favor of singing the kind of music he likes . . . the way he likes to sing it.

What comes next? Complete failure? A once-popular guy who has dropped out of sight as effectively as the hula hoop and the five-cent cigar? Wrong, again. You have a success this time. Not so spectacular as in the early days, but one that seems far more solidly established. Not created by over-enthusiastic female teen-agers but by jazz aficionados—the men and women who comprise the toughest audience in the popular music world.

The man is Mel Tormé, a former child prodigy who was once tagged with the unhappy nickname of "The Velvet Fog."

In the late Forties—about the time when Frank Sinatra was starting on his temporary eclipse—Tormé was picked by Tin Pan Alley insiders to be the next great crooner-heart throb in the grand tradition of Russ Colombo, Crosby and Sinatra. He didn't make it. Today, however, he is in the middle of an amazing comeback which may yet see him remembered as one of the few top popular and jazz voices of our era.

"The trouble with Mel is that he has too many talents," one observer is reported to have said. "Everything came too easy for him. He never

had to work at it or even concentrate in one particular area."

Whether or not this view is an accurate one, it is certainly true that Mel Tormé bounded off to an extra early start in show business. His first job came in his native Chicago when he sang with the Joe Sanders band every Monday night at the Blackhawk Restaurant. The year was 1930, and Mel was only four years old. The following year he decided to broaden his horizons and became a self-taught drummer.

But Tormé's precocity was not limited to the music field. In 1933, he won a radio audition and became a popular and successful child actor.

While Mel was still in his teens, his career was showing all the signs of a success that many men must wait half a lifetime to achieve. At only fifteen he wrote a first-rate number called "Lament to Love," which was recorded by Dick Haymes and Harry James.

At the same time, he was going to the Hyde Park High School in Chicago where he put his professional talents to work as the drummer of the school band. Playing piano in the same outfit, incidentally, was another teen-ager who was talented in many different fields—Steve Allen.

When he left school, Tormé took to the road as drummer and vocal arranger for an outfit headed by Chico Marx of Marx Brothers fame. A year later, in 1943, he made his motion picture debut in a film called *Higher and Higher*, which starred Frank Sinatra.

It was around that time when Tormé decided to form his own combo, a small group called the Mel-Tones, which is still remembered kindly by music buffs. One of the group's biggest hits, "Stranger in Town," was written by Tormé and has now become a minor classic.

After a hitch in the Armed Forces, Mel decided to make it on his own as a singer. His major asset at that time was a peculiar growth on his tonsils which gave his voice that (Cont. on next page)

THE DAY HE CAME OUT OF THE FOG

hinky quality capable of throwing most women into a romantic trance.

Hollywood, then making its post-war effort to recapture some of its earlier magic, felt that Torrance's voice was just the gimmick it had been looking for. He was featured on such films as *Words and Music*, *Duchess of Idaho*, *Good News* and *Junior Miss*.

Everything was not quite so smooth and easy as it appeared on the surface, however. Some of the most cynical observers on the music scene were not touched by the vocal quality which made his "Blue Moon" a smash recording hit and earned for the singer his nicknames, "The Velvet Fog." When the then-23-year-old Torrance first opened at New York's Copacabana, for example, columnist Dorothy Kilgallen called him "an egotistical, unlighted light source."

"We knew that Mel did often appear egotistical in his younger days," says one man who has observed him closely over a period of time. "But, frankly, I have always felt that it was less egotism and more defensiveness Mel made it big while he was still very young, but to many of us he never seemed too sure of himself. He seemed constantly primed for destructive criticism. And when it came, he'd react by appearing tense or cocky or even."

One problem was Torrance's height (he is only five feet, seven inches tall) and his pudgy, almost baby-face appearance. Another was that nickname. During a performance, Mel could usually count on being called "The Velvet Fog" by a heckler.

Sometimes a member of the audience would shout taunting epithets against the singer's maleness, and when this happened, Torrance would often turn on his armstronged tormenter with his dying. Another reaction was to live his personal life in such a manner as to insure that whatever people thought of him, they would not consider him a "sissy."

He began to date madly. His name was linked with a succession of notorious lovers, topped by the glamorous Ava Gardner. One Hollywood resident during this period remembers watching Mel often as he'd leave the NBC radio studios at Sunset and Vine. "He would always have a couple of real sharp lookers with him," this man recalled. "Never just one girl you understand, but at least two. And he would have his arms wrapped around both of them."

Today, however, Torrance himself admits that he had a rough time impressing women during that stage of his life. "Most women who have dug my music have thought I was a little dull," he said.

Partly to force people to take him seriously as a male male, he began to wear around town on a motorcycle—a machine which, according to many psychiatrists, has become a standard 20th Century symbol for masculinity. He also started to collect guns and developed a rich vocabulary of tough-sounding curse words.

To no one's surprise, the result was not an uplifting of the Torrance image. Instead, it led to faltering of his once easy-coming career. Night club owners were gradually becoming wary of him. Even television, on which he had his own show in 1942, was starting to turn a cold shoulder to the former boy wonder.

Not that Mel was starving. With his rich and multi-talented talents, he could always line up some sort of job somewhere. But his original promise was going unfulfilled. It was during this period, for example, that he made movies like *Girls Town*, a soap-opera melodrama which was every bit as flat as you would guess from hearing the name.

With his private life in chaos and his public career floundering, Torrance had two basic choices. He could drift into anonymity or he could try to re-make himself.

He chose the latter.

What Mel accomplished, actually,

was not too different from what other entertainers achieved—but in his case there is apparently more magic. He went for a course of psychoanalysis.

"In my opinion, Torrance had two basic problems," explains a well-known New York analyst who, though unconnected with the singer's case, has made a long study of the problems of entertainers and other public figures. "In the first place there is his early success. Many people who gain fame early in life feel that they do not really deserve it. They develop a feeling of guilt about it. This in turn imposes a self-destructive pattern of behavior which is unconsciously designed to rid them of that success which they feel they have not earned. One does not need to look far to find young personalities who embarked on this self-destructive pattern. Frank Sinatra did it to a degree. Perhaps the best example comes in the literary field with the tragic life of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"His second problem," the psychiatrist continued, "was that of his height and 'baby face.' This made his stature as a performer seem almost ludicrous. If he could not be taken seriously as a man, how could he take himself seriously as an artist? The second problem super-imposed itself on the first and made the trend toward self-destruction even more pronounced."

Whether this analysis is correct or not, it is a fact that since his sessions on the couch began, certain strong changes seemed to be taking place in Mel Torrance's life. As far as his public life is concerned, it was as if he decided then and there on his career would be guided by his own taste rather than what some panel of experts imagined that the public wanted.

He had always been drawn to jazz. Indeed, his biggest hit as a composer, "The Christmas Song," has a smooth and easy tilt that makes it a favorite with (Cont. on p. 48)



Out Enough To Be In



THE WORLD of cartoonist Clayton D. Powers isn't exactly the kind of world that anyone else lives in. Yet for out though he may be his drawings touch upon situations all of us have encountered at one time or another. In other words, Powers is really in orbit. We feel he's an ace who belongs in ACE. What do you think?



*Even the world's most famous head shrinker
would find his ego puffed up, surrounded by
so many glamor queens at America's seashores.*



The superego is the part of the individual that enables him to adjust to his social surroundings. With Dawn Shorren (top) and Jackie Lord around, a superego could operate in super style.



IF DR. FREUD SAW



In the early days of his career, Freud conducted a number of experiments with hypnotism. Were he alive today, there is no doubt the good doctor could make additional discoveries with the help of Gina Held (top) and Joan Bradley (below), two gifted spellbinders.



Lovely Laura Cummings exemplifies U.S. dream of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

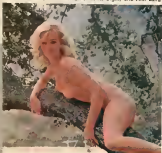
ACCORDING TO recent statistics, the United States has more citizens undergoing psychoanalysis than any other nation. One explanation is that Americans are richer, more restless and more eager to find the secret of emotional freedom.

Yet, it's a safe bet that if Dr. Sigmund Freud, the man who founded psychoanalysis, were to visit the many sundry resorts and beaches along this nation's vast sea coasts, his libido would leap with all the vigor of an eager Romeo on the make. And why not? Freud was the first man in history who learned the secret of getting out of repressions. What's more, the good doctor would be the first to admit that though the U.S. has the most citizens "tutting the couch," it also has the most who don't need to.

In evidence, we offer an exhibit A, the American ladies on these pages, each so exciting and full of the joy of living. You won't find here any of the usual neurotic symptoms like anxiety, compulsion or hostility. These beauties know how to put the right into any well-adjusted "right-consultant."

OUR BEACHES!

Two ways to avoid anxiety neurosis are demonstrated by cool stars, Pat Lewis (right) and Ann Lane



Dr. Freud would admit American girls are tops in putting the id into mid-summer.



The way Gledy Cole and Jet Sawyer (right) get rid of repression can't help but make a good impression





Dr. Freud had his patients lie down on a couch so that they could relax enough to reveal their unconscious. Yet, Uncle Hillary, who's stretched out so snugly, would make any analyst conscious of the fact that she doesn't need analysis.

FICTION



Of Life

Often a father who's played around advises his
son to stick to the straight and narrow—but just as often
the son will follow in his father's footsteps.

"BILL, I'M GLAD your mother's gone out so we can have this chance to talk together."

"Sure, Dad . . . Uh, what did you want to talk about?"

"Well, when a boy reaches your age, almost eighteen, there are things that his father should discuss with him."

"Oh, yeah . . . Like what?"

"Well, Billy, carry as it sounds like the — uh — facts of life for instance."

"You're kidding, Dad."

"I am not kidding! And don't be wise with me. I know you think you know everything. When I was your age I thought I knew everything too. But when I got older, I realized just how little I know — about girls, and, uh, sex, and things like that I mean."

"Yea? Like what?"

"Stop being flip, and stop hearing too. This isn't so easy for me, you know I'm doing it for you."

"Sure, Dad. I understand. And if there's anything I can help you with, anything I can explain, I'll be glad to."

"Now, cut that out!"

"Okay, Dad, okay. Sorry."

"All right. Now, first of all, there are two kinds of girls, good girls and, uh, the other kind. I don't have to draw a diagram for you; you can tell what kind a girl is right off the bat . . ."

* * *

"What say, chick, wanna give the kidneys a shake?"

"All right."

"I been planning you all right. My name's Bill Carlson. What's yours?"

"Ann Drury."

"Oh, yeah. I heard about you."

"Meaning what?"

"The word is you're on wheels. Are you?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

"Careful, baby. I always take drives."

"Mean? And I can't resist giving them."

"But I don't like being teased."

"You mean like this?"

"Well . . ."

"Or this?"

"Now that I like."

"Tell think I'm on icebox?"

"I'm beginning to have my doubts . . . But isn't this kind of putting?" . . ."

* * *

"Now, son, I never want you to do anything with a nice girl that you wouldn't want some other fellow to do with your own sister — if you had a sister. I've raised you to be a gent, so we'll just assume that it took and you don't go around molesting nice girls . . . Now, uh, about the other kind. The thing to remember is that they're usually teasers. They'll lead you on to a certain point and they won't let you go any further. Now, believe it or not, I can remember what it was like to be your age, all full of jitters and such. When a girl leads you on that way and then stops you, the temptation is to try to force her to go all the way. Now, I want to warn you, that no matter what's gone before, you should never use force on a girl. You can get into a lot of trouble that way . . . An awful lot of trouble . . ."

* * *

"Geech! That feels good, ANN."

"You like it, huh, baby?"

"Yea-yea-yea! . . . Be careful, you're rubbing your nail on my stocking."

"Sorry, Ann. That's the trouble with these damn compact cars."

"Don't apologize . . . Just don't stop! . . . Don't stop now!"

"Ann, this is gonna drive the two of us batty. It's silly; if we've gone this far, why not go all the way?"

"You know why not . . . Anyway, what's the matter? Don't you enjoy it? . . . Don't you like this?"

"Ohhh, Ann baby, you know I do . . . But I want everything . . . I can't take this . . . I've got to have you! Now!"

"Now, BIL? . . . BIL, stop it! . . . Stop it, I said . . . Don't get violent! . . . BIL, I'm warning you, don't get rough with me!" (Cont. on next page)

THE FACTS OF LIFE

... Bill, if you don't stop trying to do that, I'm going to hurt you! ... All right, Bill, you asked for it!"
"OWWWW-OO-OO! Oh, Oh! Ah, what the hell did you do that for?"

"I warned you."
"Oh, excuse me, that hurt!"
"I'm sorry, Bill."
"You should be! You damn well should be! ..."

"The thing is, Bill, if you force a girl, she's liable to turn around and scream 'rape,' or something just as bad. But anyway, I don't really worry about that. I don't think you'd take advantage of a helpless woman even if she wasn't a nice girl."

"Oh course not, Dad."
"Right. You're not a rapist, or the kind of boor who'd force things on a girl, or anything like that. I know that. ... But let's say the girl is perfectly willing to go all the way. Uh, have you—uh—met any girls like that?"

"Dad?"
"What I mean is, uh—it's an old-fashioned idea, I know, uh—but it might be nice to keep yourself—uh—pure for marriage. ... Now, stop that laughing! All right, all right. Forget I mentioned it!"

"You're too much, Dad."
"Forget it, I said! Anyway, what I was getting at is that even if a girl is willing, you've got to watch your step. First of all, there's the danger of disease, and then there are, uh, other considerations. ..."

"Now, Bill! ... Now, starting May-may-may!"

"You-you-yes!"
"Oh, Bill, I just didn't know it could be so wonderful!"

"Yeah. ... For it, Ann, it sure beats getting married in the car."
"It sure does."

"What are you laughing about?"
"I was just thinking how well you recovered from the last one you had. ... And you said you'd be ruined for life."

"I got over it."
"I'll say."

"Yeah. ... Look, look. ..."

"Do we have time, Dad?"

"We've got the room until midnight."

"Well, then. ..."

"Yes, Bill, other considerations. There's always the chance that the girl might get pregnant, for instance. Now, what's a fellow going to do if that happens?"

"You tell me, Dad."

"Well, the thing is to try to make sure that it doesn't happen. The thing to remember is that lots of

these easy girls, what they're really out for is to hook some boy into carrying them. And some of 'em aren't above getting themselves pregnant to do it. ..."

"I didn't come around, Bill."
"Oh, no! Gee, Ann, I just don't know what to say. ... I mean, it's all my fault."

"It takes two to tango."
"Yeah, but you didn't want to end I sort of talked you into it."

"Don't flatter yourself. You didn't talk me into anything. The truth is I wanted to as much as you did."

"But what are we gonna do?"

"I don't know."
"I guess the only thing to do is for me to marry you."

"Well, you don't have to sound so miserable about it."

"I'm sorry, Ann. It's not you. It's just that there could really come up both our lines. I mean, we better decide each other. It isn't like us were really in love or anything."

"No, we sure aren't really in love."

"Well, Ann, I want you to know that I do like you a lot. I want you to know I'll see you through this. If we have to get married, well then, hell, we'll just get married. Maybe later we can have it annulled, or something."

"Well, aren't you the noble one? Helen. I don't want to marry you any more than you do me. The fact is, I don't want to marry you at all. You're okay to have fun with, Bill, but you'd make a lousy husband. You're too young for one thing. For another, I'm looking for a responsible, mature man when and if I ever decide to get married and settle down. We'll just have to think of something else. ..."

"I mean, Bill, I know you're too intelligent to get yourself into a situation like that, but it just might happen. It's happened to a lot more smart fellows than you'd think."

"Really, Dad?"

"That's right. And when a fellow comes up against a situation like that, he doesn't know what to do."

"Well, what can he do, Dad?"

"The average boy, I don't know. But if you're ever dumb enough to get yourself into a mess like that, you come to me straightaway, you understand?"

"Sure, Dad."

"I'm your father, and I'll stand by you."

"Okay, Dad. ... But what will you do?"

"Well, ... Offhand, it's hard to say. ... Just have to cross that bridge when we come to it, and just be damned sure we never come to it!"

"Would I have to marry the girl?"
"Maybe. Maybe not. There are other ways. ..."

"Dad? You don't mean an illegal operation, or something like that?"

"Now, I didn't say anything like that! ... Don't go putting words in my mouth. ... Anyway, it's purely a hypothetical situation. ..."

"I'm just calling to tell you that you can relax, Bill. Somebody's taken care of it."

"Thanks, Ann. Was it—Was it very bad?"

"Well, it was as good as."

"Gosh, I'm sorry."

"Well, don't get upset. I guess I'm just being dramatic. The truth is that it was no more painful than having a tooth run. The occupation—I mean, I was really scared—was the worst thing."

"I see, imagine, baby. It must have been awful."

"Well, anyway, Bill, it's over now."

"Yeah."

"I want to thank you for getting up the money."

"Thank me, hell! I'm just sorry I didn't have it all. But at least all I saved up last summer."

"Well, it was just enough, along with the money I had, and it was nice of you to give it so freely."

"Well, it was my responsibility. And it wasn't even half! I feel bad about that."

"Well, don't, Bill. It was enough."

"I'm glad. ... When will I see you again, Ann?"

"I don't think we should see each other again, Bill. ... It would only happen again. I know you, and I know me. We got off easy this time, let's not press our luck. ... Your trouble is you don't follow your Ray Street motto."

"I will next time, Ann."

"There isn't going to be any next time with me, Bill. I'm sorry. It's been fun, but now, goodbye. ..."

"What I'm trying to get across to you, Bill, is how important it is not to let any of these girls get you involved. Because, or later, what's what they're gonna try to do, so you just have to keep on your guard. Got it?"

"I got it, Dad."

"And one other thing, maybe it's okay to sow a few wild oats once in a great while, but don't make a habit of it. I mean, a man shouldn't be promiscuous any more than a woman. It drains the energy he needs for other things. Everything in moderation—well, you remember that!"

"I'll remember, Dad."

"That's my boy. Well, I can see you're thinking to get out, so I won't hold you up any longer. Got a date?"

"Just going to a dinner with the fellows, Dad. I'm going stay."

"Well, get along with you then. ..."

(Continued on page 72)



THE JOKER'S GEMS

acquire call girls for his clients—a normal public relations procedure with most big corporations.

During one of these company-sponsored orgies, Harry met a man he hadn't seen since his college days, a man who had once been a rival for the girl Harry married.

"Am I surprised to see you here," the man said. "You married to such a beautiful girl?"

"Well, things have changed a little over the years," Harry said, feeling a bit ruffled.

"But twenty years ago, your wife had a million-dollar figure!" exclaimed the man.

"She still does," said Harry coolly. "Only now when she walks, it's like it's all in loose change."

• • •

At a cocktail party, Ann, who was wearing a tight-fitting black dress, proved to be the most popular girl there—such the men, that is.

Two ratty-looking bystanders didn't let this situation pass un-

noticed for long. "She behaves in safety in numbers—40-38-37," muttered one.

"Only until she wants to make love with that heart-glass figure," hinted the other.

• • •

Al, who had worked late at the office, decided he would spend the night at home, instead of taking the long train ride to his home in suburbia. He took a hotel room and wasted no time in having a girl introduced on his room service bill.

The girl proved a disaster—well worth the hundred dollars she cost Al in the middle of the night she casually asked Al about himself and his family. Al didn't seem to mind at first.

Then she asked, "Doesn't your wife still appeal to you?"

Irritated Al replied, "Sure she appeals to me—to stop drinking, to stop gambling and to stop playing around with girls."



Gertie had been a pretty successful streetwalker the past several years—in fact, so successful that she had saved enough money to take a trip to Europe. During the three weeks prior to sailing time, Gertie made a habit of visiting a nearby swimming pool.

One day, her roommate, Sal, who noticed this asked, "What's the idea of you to that pool everyday? Meet some interesting money bags or something?"

"I gotta get in condition," Gertie replied.

"Whaddya mean, condition?" asked Sal. She was truly stunned by her friend's remark.

"Well, a girl like me doesn't have to worry too much if she runs outa dough," replied Gertie. "Yet, I gotta be ready in case I ever should get caught short in Venice."

• • •

In Nome, Alaska, a tourist, seeing his first Eskimo, noticed a mother with a blond, blue-eyed baby slung to her back. "Is your child a full-blooded Eskimo?" he asked.

"Hell," replied the native woman. "Hell what? Hell Irish? Hell Scotch? Hell Swedish?" The tourist asked.

"Hell no," replied the mother.

• • •

In twenty years, Harry had become a top public relations executive with his company, and in the process encountered numerous opportunities to

Henry David Thoreau, who used to ponder by his pond, had nothing on blondful Dene Clarke. For a philosopher, she can really make musing amusing as she turns her watery retreat into a . . .

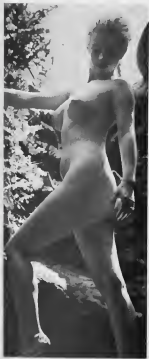


When Thoreau wrote, "She with one breath stuns the spheres and also my poor human heart," he could have described . . .



Dene, who is just one glance can leave a man breathless. Surrounded by ferns and lily pads, Dene treats herself to the . . .

Sleeky Lagoon



Brilliant of nature, in the process, this platinum-haired beauty proves herself a shining asset in the dark forest primal.



The poet, William Ross Bennett, once wrote as follows: "Like flame, like wine across the still lagoon the colors of the sunset stream . . . so climbs my dream." Taking off from these provocative words, what more effective way could there be to catch a sentiment so warm and transcendental than with a dream girl like Bess, a breathtakingly lovely vision, shown on these pages reverting about so gaily amidst a dream setting?





THE LAST OF THE HE-MAN SPORTS

BY MAURY DELMAR

As new rifles and shotguns become
virtually invincible, more and more hunters
are turning to the bow and arrow—
and in the process can still enjoy a sport
where animals have a sporting chance.

BOWHUNTING is enjoying a new life. Each year the attraction of falling game with bow and arrow is attracting more hunters. Current estimates tabulate approximately 450,000 bow buffs roaming the countryside in quest of game. This archery trend upwards is spurred by a nucleus of some 2000 archery clubs, two major national archery groups and the American Bowhunters Assn., Inc.

In recognition of the pressing demands of the "new hunter," many states have introduced special bowhunting laws to accommodate the archery fans. Seasons and weaponry are well defined in the game regulations. In states where populations tend to be congested, the bowhunter is especially welcome. The arrow's limit of range and silence are a welcome contrast to the sharp report of the rifle. Moreover, the variety of game possible with the bow is greater than many hunters realize. A competent archer can pin down a snowshoe rabbit or bring a moose to his hairy knees. A chunky fish like the carp can be impaled by the broadhead of a good bowfisher.

The conversion of rifle hunters to the bow can best be explained by the attractions inherent to the bow's use. Unlike the riflemen, the expert bowman's success is determined by a complex of abilities more severely tested than when aiming the rifle.

Today's rifle is super-accurate. A careful approach to custom cartridge loading can bring a bullet to inches when predicting its strike at 1000 yards. Advanced optics, incorporated into rifle scopes, permit the tracking of a mountain goat from a distant crag. Highly specialized sighting devices, calibrated in mils, permit fantastic accuracy, compensating for wind and trajectory deviations. From the final details of the gunmaker's

art in bedding a gun precisely, to the extreme care exercised by the optical makers in preparing crosshairs for scopes, every advanced technology is imputed into the rifle. If the rifle marksman can learn breath control, correct sighting, and trigger squeeze, no quadruped should escape him.

On the other hand, the bowman takes his game with a weapon so primitive that its origin dates back 13,000 years. Except for refinements in wood lamination, finish and broadheads, the equipment of today's archer differs little from the weapons used by such legendary bowmen as William Tell and Robin Hood.

A cursory comparison of the bow to the rifle immediately points up the sharply contrasting talents required when using them to hunt. The bowhunter must command such personal assets as strength, sensory perception, and a keen aptitude in judging spatial relationships. A high degree of muscular control gained from relentless hours of practice is imperative.

The vagaries of wind and light influence his accuracy more seriously than they do the rifle carrying hunter. To pull a 60 lb. bow makes demands on muscles that are not summoned for work routinely. Added to this are other difficulties which oppress the archer. Temperature affects his bow efficiency. A cool bow "loosed" in the early morning will send an arrow differently from one released after the warmth of the mid-day sun. A quiver of arrows not uniformly fletched will give radically different flights for each arrow. Further, the bowman can't aim his bow with the same mechanical exactitude that is offered by rifle sights. Instead, the bowman must call upon judgment and feel, seasoned by heavy experience as he draws on his game. When aiming, the bowhunter establishes an imaginary point above or below his target. In addition to this task of using primary vision on a hypothetical spot, he must apply a kind of secondary vision to establish the arrow's aim.

Even after an accurate arrow is loosed, the bowman's kill may be lost. No arrow can penetrate brush, graze off a tree limb, or fledge through a dense stand of grass and remain true. A bullet of correct weight and velocity can pass through these obstacles and kill instantly. To avoid such interferences, bowmen are obliged to assume postures that would test a contortionist; they crouch, kneel, or sit in uncomfortable positions just to insure a clear shot.

Equally as decisive when weighing the talents of the bowman and the rifleman is the aspect of the stalk. The litmus test of any hunter is his skills in following an animal without detection. Since a bowman's range isn't a third the distance enjoyed by the rifleman, it follows that his stalking ability must achieve mastery.

Academically examined, the extent of stalking isn't merely the skill to move over terrain noiselessly. Actually, it calls for a kind of encyclopedic knowledge of the game you're pursuing. The expert stalker can "read" as he travels! He interprets messages from bent twigs, trampled grass or a leaf mutilated by a browsing animal. Animal tracks and leavings clue him as to size, species and speed of travel of his quarry. Chattering animals and excited birds often tip off the hunter that his quarry is nearby. However, only keen perception of sight and hearing, laced with hundreds of hours experience, enable the stalker to utilize such clues. (Cont. on next page)

In order to bring down a 150-pound doe with a 24-yard shot, a bowhunter must get into position for a perfect aim.



THE LAST OF THE HE-MAN SPORTS

Although every rifleman's bag would be filled more often by employing the stalking skill demanded of the bowman, he can still bag game with much less talent.

A glance at hunting statistics points this up clearly: Bowmen pursuing deer average less than ten deer per thousand hunters. Riflemen score ten times this rate.

In addition to a fine knowledge of tracking and woods lore, the bowman must be an accomplished camouflage artist. At the close ranges he draws his bow, the slightest sound or movement will send his quarry out of sight before he can nock his arrow. Riflemen strut around in blaze colors without concern for camouflage concealment.

Other than fishing, hunting is the only sport remaining today whose original roots can be traced to economic necessity. Hunting in America today is mainly recreational. Philomaphers and zoologists accept the doctrine that the last to hunt is now colored. History, in passing, notes numerous attempts to suppress hunting with no avail. In feudal times, the holdings of landowners were barred from public hunting. In defiance of the privileged class, the expert illegal hunter developed. He was an archer and the first poacher! The Greeks and Romans adopted game laws prohibiting the citizenry from hunting. Such statutes were drawn, not in the interest of conservation, but rather to insure that the population was engaged in more useful pursuits. Those earlier with the pleasure of hunting never did comply. The more transgressions of the law allowed more hunting than a wiser rule would have otherwise permitted.

The bow was invented after man learned to hide upon an animal to death with a club, capture it with a snare or drive it into a ravine and then stone it to death. The bow, the product of an unknown primitive genius, was a formidable weapon to slay big game animals at a distance.

Eventually it was to turn the tide of battle and decide the fate of nations. As a warrior's weapon, it was in use until the discovery of gunpowder late in the 13th century. Although the bow fell into disuse among civilized cultures, it is still an important hunting tool among remaining primitive societies.

During the initial expansion years in the west, many a cavalryman met a premature death chasing after a bow-armed Indian. Kit Carson, famed Indian fighter, was among them. Carson in hot pursuit of an escaping Indian, received an arrow wound while the Indian rode at full gallop from a position underneath his horse. The arrow found its mark through Carson's hat. William Tell or Robin Hood would be hard pressed to duplicate this feat.

A lot of game stopped by arrow is impressive. The American bowman has taken birds, deer, elk, caribou, moose, alligator, turtle, muskrat, fox, squirrel, cougar, and bear. Even the big game grand prize, the brown bear, has fallen before the bow.

The progress for the continuing growth of bowhunting is good. The limitations imposed by population expansion, is reducing the amount of acreage safe to hunt by any means. Landowners often resent the harsh report of high powered rifles. Further, the intrude of civilization are drastically upsetting nature's balance. This in turn, eventually affects wildlife propagation. Since the next decade's hunter will enjoy less opportunity to hunt, he'll have to conduct his recreation on a more sportsmanlike basis.

And herein lies a unique reason for the archer's reluctance. Although the enormous strides in ballistics undoubtedly has been welcome by the trophy seekers, a growing number of outdoorsmen are feeling cheated of the hunt's glory.

Other than the ecological factors which will encourage the rebirth of the bowman, he is by personality a

special breed. All his hopes for success in a longer quiver holding twelve fadges of silent death.

He arises just as dawn's light envelops the darkness. Dreading, he dons the special modified underwear that helped to conceal the Marston in combat. On his feet he laces tan-ras shoes or sneakers to carry him through the woods. On the neck band he'll slip on a set of fingertips for maximum arrow control. The bow arm will be protected by an arrangement to ward off the biting lash of the loose bowstring. Guarding against noise he'll advance in the cover of near darkness taking care to keep his weight off the advancing foot as he walks. The bare earth must be tread with cat's paw silence. Stopping at irregular periods, he'll take the time to observe any signs that animals have been in the vicinity. The clue may be a broken twig, bark chafed on a tree or a sapling denuded by an animal's gnawing. Continuing on he'll listen for a rustle of leaves or try to distinguish a vague shape hidden under a blowdown. The startled cry of a Jaybird or the nervous squeal of a leaved squirrel may harbor a signal that his game is close. Once his game is sighted, he must nock his arrow by reaching deftly for his shoulder mounted quiver. The sequence of motions must be as smooth as conditioned training can teach. In those fleeting moments he must equate a dozen factors which ultimately decide his point of aim. If he's lucky and his arrow flies true, he'll into the same situation occurred to the first man to weed string and bow and achieve a kill.

There are many ways to enhance the sport of the archer. Perhaps the best is summed up by the tale of Maurice Thompson, a distinguished American bowman:

So long as the sun moon

Returns to the horizon, a bow
shall bow,

So long will archery retain its hold
on the heart of man. ■

The Glory of Suffering

SATIRE

BY ANDREW CORRELL



Why is it that the people who write plays and movies now believe it is corny to have happy endings?

As a frequent movie goer and television viewer, I have been struck by the fact that you don't seem to see offerings with happy endings anymore. It all occurred to me the night I saw a drama on *Ben Casey*, in which a sympathetic character died (making it the third week in a row for knocking off a good guy). It occurred to me that in this case, death seemed a bit unnecessary, especially since Dr. Casey had said in the play that the patient might not have had a serious disease at all. Yes, the script writers insisted on giving the sympathetic character a fatal disease, plus some pretty touching lines during the death scene.

In the following day's newspaper, a TV reviewer commented: "It is to the credit of such series as *Ben Casey* that people are permitted to die. After all, in life, people do die."

This is not to make a case for returning to the glibness conceptions that dominated the silver screen, during the Thirties and the early Forties; rather, it is to raise the question of whether or not film makers are satisfying a superficial craving for "art movies" by a so-called enlightened suburban group of theatre goers. With this new breed of audience, it seems, an unhappy ending, no matter how obviously lacked on it may be, will insure the film's acceptance

as a "higher" form of motion picture creation.

After comparing the films that have passed "win in at the 'art' houses, are shown across such offerings as *Bored and Lame*, *The Island*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *Electra* and *Shoot the Piano Player*. Many of these films are sensitively and skillfully done, although the abundance of such gloomy and sad presentations—as well as their popularity—results a sadder phenomenon that took place in Germany, following the First World War up to the time that Hitler came to power. Suffering, it seems, has become dangerously exalted, and whether this is an onset of some future degeneracy in our society is something for social historians to ponder.

However, the fact that ample-minded television scripts have fallen into this pitfall is almost too much to believe.

It stands with thoughts through one's mind. Suppose we have a TV series next season, called *The Conviction*—based on Jack Oker's play and movie of the same title about dope addicts. It could have the flavor of *The Unconscious*, except that each week there would be a different story about an addict who reaches a terrible end. A drug manufacturer could sponsor the show. Fantastic? Maybe, but it would more honestly express what is actually going on today. ■

Taking off from the old song,

Terry Bolvent has seen Paren, but
there's no trouble keeping her . . .

Down on the



Fox Farm



A television script girl, Terry can't wait to get down to her uncle's place on weekends and vacations. There's plenty of outdoor settings in which to cavort, also lots of books to help her pass those quiet hours in the evenings. She may seem cavalier, the way she tosses her stile, but her affection for it is really "heart-pelt."



Terry's uncle specializes in silver fox, and understandably this happens to be her favorite fur.



In some instances you'll find that diamonds are a girl's best friend, but not here. You won't find anything that glitters so nicely as Terry does on her uncle's farm. She's a real jewel.



That Was Showbiz

Few have ever heard of Dora Hand, but she was the Liz Taylor of her day—queen of Dodge City's dance hall girls.

DODGE CITY, famous for producing such television heroes as Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Doc Holiday, enjoyed during its heyday the presence of many theatrical personalities, some of them famous like Eddie Foy, others who were less widely known. The stages from which these entertainers performed usually were to be found in the various dance halls that lent after-dark excitement to this legendary frontier town.

As is still customary in today's night clubs of Las Vegas, an admission was charged to enter Dodge City's dance halls, the revenues from gambling and drinking being more than enough to provide the owners of these establishments with ample income.

However, at this point the similarity between Las Vegas and Dodge City ends. Both communities represent a different era, and in the 1870s, when Dodge City was at its peak, the character of its dance halls and the people who worked in them bore not the slightest resemblance to what exists today.

"A woman, no matter whether she was a housewife, a dance hall girl or a courtesan (and mind you, the last two were not necessarily the same) was treated with grave courtesy on the street," recalled Eddie Foy in his autobiography, *Counting Through Life*. "Any man who failed to observe this custom got into trouble."

In those days, however, the men

got into enough trouble with each other, without having to court more of it with a woman. Besides, in Dodge City, the weaker sex was regarded with enthusiastic affection, and any man with the money to spend was sure to find a female whose favors he might enjoy.

The dance hall girls were placed in high esteem. Some of them doubled as prostitutes or fl-girls, others made it on their stage talents alone. One of the latter was Dora Hand, also known as Fannie Kanan.

Though no prostitute, Dora was not unwilling to give herself to a man she loved, and shortly after she arrived in Dodge, she became the mistress of the town's mayor, James H. (Doc) Kelley.

Rumor had it that she formerly was an opera singer; whether this is true or not, she did pack 'em in to the place where she worked which was owned by Kelley. She was that good-looking.

Dora had other qualities that endeared her to the populace of Dodge City. She was generous and a sympathetic listener. On many occasions—if a young newcomer happened to lose all his money at the gambling table, or if he happened to have gotten rolled—Dora would give him money to get out of town.

Most important of the virtues that made her a favorite with the men of Dodge City was her beauty. "Few women, even in such comparatively well-off metropolitan

centers, like Boston and New York, had such a radiant complexion," recalled one historian. "Her figure was of magnificent proportions, with swelling breasts, narrow waist and plump hips."

"When Dora came on the stage, you could almost hear a pin drop," reminisced another visitor to Dodge City. "The dice tables would go silent, and the card playing would stop. It obviously must have cost 'Doc' Kelley a little, not having the gambling business going on, but he didn't care. He was plainly proud, having Dora up there on the stage."

"She had a way of moving around up there that made you forget that perhaps her voice wasn't the best; she had a way of putting songs over, and songs that could make even the most murderous gunman burst into tears. But best of all was the way she used her eyes; she could look down at you and make you feel as if you were listening to an angel."

Unfortunately, Dora's reign as queen of Dodge City's dance hall girls was short-lived. After renting with another girl the shack of her lover, she was shot to death while she slept by an enemy of Kelley. The killer hadn't realized that Kelley no longer lived there. The gunman was subsequently wounded and arrested by Earp and Masterson. When he learned that his victim was Dora and not Kelley, he told Masterson: "You should have aimed better."

—Rosal Barry

The Greatest Trick

I BLAME the whole thing on Crispin. If he hadn't shown me that blasted new trick of his, none of the rest of it would have taken place.

Crispin, you must understand, is a coin trick buff. His biggest pleasure in life is to make quarters, dimes and fifty cent pieces disappear and reappear, again, in unlikely places—thus mystifying his friends and being the life of the party in general.

Now, I've known a number of magic buffs in my time, and there is one thing that the breed has in common: An inability to recognize a trick. When one of them wants to show off his latest feat of prestidigitation, you might as well tell him to go ahead because, somewhere or other, he will manage to do it, anyway.

Which is why I said, "yes," when Crispin came up to me during a coffee break at the office where we both worked and offered to perform the greatest trick I'd ever seen.

I looked hard at the open he handed me. It was heavy and appeared to be solid gold. The symbols on its face were ones I had never seen before. "What is it?" I asked.

Crispin shrugged. "I'm not sure. . . But there's nothing phony about it I mean, it's not made to come apart or anything like that. Examine it for yourself."

When I was finished, he stepped away from me and placed his hands in his pockets with an ostentatious gesture. "Now make a bet over the coin," he said. "Lighen it as hard as you can. . ."

I did.

"Ready?" O.K. Now open your hand up."

It was empty! "Where . . .?"

"Try your breast pocket," he said.

I pulled the coin out gingerly. Remember, he hadn't been near me during all this time. "All right," I admitted. "That was the best trick I've ever seen. Now, how the hell did you do it?"

Crispin grinned. "It's a tough one, isn't it? As a matter of fact, it's so tough that I don't know how it's done, myself."

I'd had that gag thrown at me before, but it never failed to make me nod. I mean, if a man doesn't want to give away a secret, that's his business. Especially

BY MORTON J. GOLDING

when we are talking about a stunt that even professional magicians would give their right arms to own. But he doesn't have to play games about it.

I said something of the sort to Crispin. "All right," he shrugged. "I know the bre's been overdone. But whether you want to believe me or not, this time it happens to be true."

"Come off it, buddy."

"No. I swear it. Listen—I have to tell some one about this or I'll go nuts—you know how I'm always on the lookout for new magic stunts!"

"Go ahead."

"Well, I found this little place just the other day. It had the usual stuff in the windows, but there was one sign that intrigued me: 'THE HOUSE OF IMPOSSIBLE FEATS,' it said."

"So you went in?"

"What else? I found this queer old bird with white hair and pale blue eyes standing behind the counter, so I asked him what the sign meant."

"Just what it says," he told me.

"Can what sort of feats?" I asked.

"Anything. Tell me the kind of trick you wish to perform and I'll help you do it."

Crispin shrugged. "I certainly couldn't resist that offer, so I described that trick I just showed you. I made it up, of course. As far as I know it was completely impossible."

"And . . .?"

"And he handed me this coin and told me to think of the word, 'tomato,' whenever I wanted to perform it. I didn't believe him, of course, but I tried it out and the damned thing worked. So I bought the coin and here I am."

I turned away. "It's a good story," I said.

"It's true," Crispin insisted. "Look, I'll tell you what. I'll give you the name of the place and you go there and see for yourself!"

"But I don't want to buy a coin trick."

"Who said anything about coin tricks? There are lots of other things. I wonder . . ." He stopped, musing. "No, that's too impossible."

"What is it?"

(Cont. on p. 56)

Ordinarily, a man will use any kind of magic to make it as a charmer of women. Yet,

sometimes the magic can get out of hand, with the charmed boxes anything but charming.

FICTION



THE GREATEST TRICK

"Well, I was just wondering if he could make a man irresistible to women."

"Impossible?"

"Why not? He said he could do anything didn't he?"

"That's what you told me," I said, softly. I was beginning to get intrigued despite myself. But then I had a sudden rush of suspicion. "Why don't you ask him to make you irresistible?" I asked.

Crupin gave an all-American-boy style chuckle. "You forget, I just got married six months ago. But a happy bachelor like you..."

He didn't need to finish the sentence. I was a bachelor all right, but I'd be a whole lot happier one if every time I wanted, it happened! I had closed my eyes and started to visualize the young ladies that I would not mind being irresistible to.

"Of course, you'll have to be careful," Crupin said. "You won't want every female from ages one to one hundred falling all over you."

I blushed. I hadn't thought of that. Crupin had, however. Indeed, he seemed to have done a lot of thinking about this situation. Together, we worked out the details—what Crupin called the safeguards. The old man would give a word to think whenever I wanted a woman to fall for me. Nothing would happen until I looked at the girl and deliberately thought of the word.

I was still suspicious, naturally. I half expected that when I got to the shop I'd learn that the whole thing was some kind of elaborate practical joke. But, even so, I went.

The store was just where Crupin said it would be. And the hand-lettered sign was in the window.

When I told the old man what I wanted he gave me an odd sort of look. "It's a simple enough matter to arrange," he said. "But I'm not certain it would be quite wise..."

I grinned anxiously. "I know Crupin was talking through his hat."

"I will help you if you insist. But, believe me, you'll wish I hadn't."

I kept the same expression on my face. The old man shrugged and

named his fee which, feeling like a sucker, I paid.

"The word for you is 'tail.' Look at a woman and think 'tail' to yourself. Her one desire, then, will be to make love to you."

"And if it doesn't work?"

"Come back and I'll return your money. There's only one catch."

"What's that?"

"Once you have the word, the more I can't take it away. It will wear itself out in two or three years, but if you change your mind before that, it will be just too bad."

"If it works I won't change my mind," I said confidently.

There were at least two little secretaries at the office that I wanted to try the routine on. One was called Penny and the other Sal. They were both 22 years old and well-stocked. There wasn't a man in the office who hadn't gone after one or the other—with absolutely no success.

The main reason for that was that they formed a kind of mutual protective association. They were roommates and one would never allow herself to be separated from the other. We called them the Robinson Twins.

Well, I had clear dreams on one or the other of the Robinson Twins. But shortly after I left the magic store I decided to put off that project for a while.

The cause of this decision was that I noticed a dream striding down the street. She was about five feet, with honey blonde hair and a way of moving that would have been admired in a more Feminist society.

I stared at her. "Real," I thought to myself. "Real and double real!"

She slowed down, stopped, and with an odd and almost reluctant expression on her face stared back at me. "Don't I know you from somewhere?" she asked, puzzled.

"I'm sure you do," I said. "Let's go up to my place and talk about old times in Vienna or wherever it was."

"That's just what I had in mind," she said.

I don't suppose there is a man living who hasn't wanted a dream at

one time or another. But how many have had a dream want them? This is an experience like nothing else on Earth!

I took my particular vision up to my flat where we sipped Scotch on the rocks and had a drink which I bought on the way. "Lord, you're lovely," I said after a while.

"You talk too much," she murmured, undrinking her bloomers.

I stared, goggle-eyed, at her fantastic figure. Then she moved towards me...

All in all, it was quite a night.

When I went to work the next morning I was flushed with success. I had held off a secret which any man in his right mind would have given a fortune for. And it was all mine.

I gave Crupin a rundown on what had happened and decided to wait until just before the office closed to take on one of the Robinson twins.

It was after five when I asked Penny to go out with me that night.

"Well, I don't know," she hesitated. "I'm not sure what Sally is..."

"Sally," I thought, looking at her hand.

"But what do I care about what Sally is doing?" she went on. "Why shouldn't I have a life of my own? Just make sure we go somewhere where we can be alone," she said, dreamily.

Some instinct must have told Sally that she'd better rush up and save her friend. She arrived just in time to hear the last part of what Penny was saying. Shock was written over her face. "Do you think that's wise?" she began, as Penny gave her a contemplative look.

I couldn't help but smile. If she only knew about 'tail,' I thought.

At that instant, Sal's face turned suddenly redemptive. "Don't you think you'd rather take me," she said.

My jaw dropped and then I felt my stomach flip over. It was the word! I was looking at her when I thought about it. Apparently it wasn't how I thought about it, but the thinking itself that mattered.

In the meantime, Penny was smiling thinly at

(Continued on p. 17)

She's Pretty

Ever since Mona Lisa and the Duchess of Alba, men have been stimulated into wishing the girl in the picture would come to life. Now, Rusty Taylor takes up the cue, helping an art lover's dream to come true. Yet, the hang-up of it all is that it's really a photographer's trick that ends when Rusty can no longer remain "hung-up."

There's nothing like a good landscape to brighten up the wall of a man's den. Yet, Rusty's appearance proves there's nothing like a beautiful girl to improve the scenery.

Some say the best portraits were done by the old masters like Rembrandt and De Vinci.

Yet, here's a work that's Taylor-made. You'll have to admit—it is hard to beat.



as a Picture, But...



When all is said and done, it was a pretty neat trick, wasn't it? It would be fun to see Rasty emerge again from another type of picture. It's a clinch she could demonstrate there's still life in a still life.

No matter what the sport
—in America, everyone loves
the successful athlete.
And nowhere are the love
words more passionate
than on a television show,
especially scheduled to...



SATIRE BY HARRY GREGORY

HAIL THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of the television audience, it's with genuine pleasure that I present to you a real champion, George 'Flip' Fenstermacher... Flip, it's good of you to come here and talk to us tonight. It's a privilege to have a champ like you on my show."

"Thank you, Artie. It's nice of you to say so."

"Yesir, a privilege."

"The privilege is all mine, Artie."

"Yes... Well, Flip, I think our viewers would like to know how a fellow like you gets to be an all-around champ. What's the secret?"

"Gosh, Artie, I'm not really an all-around champ. Actually, I'm only champ at—"

"Heh-heh-heh. We all know what that is, Artie! Still, it's been my ex-

perience that when a man is tops of one sport, he's pretty good at all sports. Wouldn't you say so, Flip?"

"Well, not my case, Artie. You see—"

"I see. Well, Flip, what was the first sport you ever played—as a boy, I mean."

"King-of-the-hill."

"King-of-the-hill?"

"Yes, Artie. You know, that's the game where one boy gets on top of a hill—a pile of rocks, or a garbage heap, or a sand-mound, or something like that—and yells that he's King-of-the-hill—and all the other boys try to knock him off."

"I see. Well, Flip, I never played that game, but I'll bet you were a real champion at it."

"No, Artie. You see, I never man-

aged to get to the top of the hill. Some other kid always seemed to have his foot on my neck. As a matter of fact, I was the worst King-of-the-hill player in the neighborhood."

"Yes, Flip, but with your indomitable spirit, courage and stick-to-it-iveness, you kept trying. That's what's important; as long as you didn't give up."

"But I did give up, Artie."

"You did?"

"Yes. You see, my neck was getting so sore from being stepped on—"

"And that was your first sporting injury, incurred in the heat of play, forcing you to sit it out on the sidelines while in your heart you were up there on that hill with the rest of the boys, fighting to be king. I

hope the kids watching us realize just what an inspiring story that is, Filp. I hope it will be an inspiration to them all . . . Now, what other sports did you play as a kid? Baseball, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, I played a little baseball."

"I'll just bet you did, champ. What did the other kids call you? Sluggo? Lefty? Speedy?"

"As a matter of fact, they called me 'Fanner'! 'Fanner Fannermacher', that's what they called me."

"Fanner?"

"Yes, you see, Arto, I couldn't hit the ball."

"Oh . . . Well, Filp, most pitchers are poor hitters."

"I played left field."

"I see . . . But you enjoyed the game, and that's what counts, not whether you were good at it, or not."

"I hated it."

"You did? Then why did you play it?"

"My mother was a Bloomer Girl!"

"A Bloomer Girl?"

CONQUERING HERO

"Yes. You see, there was this softball team formed by the ladies of the PTA and they called themselves the Bloomer Girls. They were the county champs. Mom played short-stop. She batted .All."

"Aha! So you come by your athletic ability naturally, Filp. Passed down, as it were, from father to son."

"It was my mother who played baseball, not Dad."

"What did your father play?"

"The ponies."

"I see. So sporting blood, the steam of the natural winner, has come down to you from both sides of the family."

"Dad never picked a winner in his life. When he died, three bookies went out of (Cont. on next page)



HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

business. It was quite some blow."

"That's very sad. But your mother, game sportswoman that she was, took hold of things, worked to support you, yet still found the time to help you develop your superb athletic ability."

"She never worked a day in her life. We lived off Dad's insurance. And she only played ball with me once."

"And what a game that must have been! Tell us about it, Flip."

"She was out in the back yard practicing her batting and she got tired of tapping 'em, so she asked me to pitch to her. I threw one ball, she slammed a line drive and I stopped it right in the chest."

"So you caught the ball that put your own mother out? That's quite a story, Flip."

"I didn't catch it, I dropped it."

"Oh . . ."

"It hurted three times."

"I see."

"I began to cry."

"Well, every boy cries at least once. So that grand old lady took you to her house and comforted you . . ."

"No. She threw the bat at me and called me a sissy and said I was forever crying, which I was."

"A memorable experience . . ."

"It was traumatic, Artie. She'd never play ball with me again."

"So, still determined to prove your physical capabilities, you turned to another sport. What was it, Flip? Basketball?"

"Much later, Artie. After I was in high school."

"I see. So, as star of your school varsity team—"

"I never made the varsity, Artie."

"As leader of your freshman five—"

"I never made the freshman team either."

"Umm. Just where did you play basketball, Flip?"

"In my gym class. They made us play every day; it was a rule of the school."

"You know, ladies and gentlemen, looking at Flip Fenstermacher as he stands here, I can just picture him

dribbling down the court, heaving a pass, shooting for the basket, racing to the other end of the court, picking one off the backboard, dribbling down-court again."

"It wasn't quite like that, Artie. In the first place, I could never manage to learn to dribble. I used to get more splinters in my hand trying. Heh-heh."

"Heh-heh."

"And the one time I reached back to fetch a pass, I dropped it right in the lap of one of the players on the other team."

"In his lap?"

"Yes. You see, whenever I had the ball they'd all sit down and rest while I took shots at the basket. I was near-sighted, and I could never make it. Except once I did."

"The vast sea viewers want to hear about that thrilling moment in your sports career, Flip. Tell us."

"One of the fellows on my team got hit on the head and he must have been dazed, 'cause he threw me the ball. It was the first time it ever happened, and I knew I was in a really dangerous spot. You see, in basketball, when a guy has the ball, everybody tries to take it away from him and you can really get hurt. I knew my only chance was to get rid of that ball fast, before they came at me, so I did the only thing I could do. I threw it away. The trouble was, I wasn't watching where I was throwing and it landed in the basket."

"And so you scored your first points in basketball . . ."

"Yeah, for the other side I threw it in our basket."

"Another memorable moment in the sports career of Flip Fenstermacher, ladies and gentlemen, and one I'm sure he'll never forget."

"You can say that again, Artie."

The fellows on my team were so mad they beat me up so bad I was excused from gym class."

"And so your basketball days came to an end. But not your athletic career. Tell us more about that, Flip. Were you a four-letter man in college?"

"Yeah, and they were all Bs."

"Ohh, you're a scotch, Flip. I tell you, it's rare to find a champion with a sense of humor as well-developed as yours."

"Thanks, Artie."

"But seriously, Flip, did you play any football in college? Let me explain why I ask specifically about football, ladies and gentlemen. In Flip Fenstermacher's last championship match, the one in which he bested the Russian champion and brought the world's championship cup back to this island of democracy where it belongs, I noticed a great similarity between the strategy of his play and the strategy employed by top quarterbacks on the gridiron. Am I correct in thinking you may have played quarterback at one time, Flip?"

"That's right."

"Tell us about it, Flip."

"There's not much to tell, it's like being the second dog on an Alaskan dog sled team."

"I beg pardon?"

"The scenery's always the same."

"I don't think I—"

"The quarterback squats right in back of the player that's hiped-up the ball. Huddle after huddle, all you ever get to see is that same rear end."

"Flip, this is a family show!"

"Sorry."

"Uh, just what college did you play football for, Flip?"

"I didn't play for the college."

"For your class?"

"No."

"For your fraternity?"

"No . . . But you're getting close."

"I guess you'll have to explain, Flip."

"It's simple, Artie. I played for a sorority."

"Oh?"

"There were only ten girls in this sorority, so they asked me to fill out the team."

"In other words, you began your football career as—"

"A ringer. That's right, Artie."

"Yes, well—in there any one gridiron incident that . . . (Curt on p. 14)

for the record

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When she's not spinning, she's posing. In her spare time, the 23-year-old dancer and singer poses for the camera. She's a natural, and her posing is a natural extension of her dancing.

See next page

Ellen Lewis likes to spend her leisure hours
freeing to dreamy mood music, and as she does so,
she creates a dreamy mood scene of her own.



Jean Coleman makes a classic study of glamour
while she sits, enjoying the classical selections of
her favorites Beethoven, Bach, Brahms.



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Schoen lives up to
her name as she plays
beer garden leader.



Jeanette Lee, on
the other hand, likes
the nostalgic times
imported from the
colonnades of Paris.



The bagpipes and drums that stirred her ancestors also prove thrilling to Jamie MacLaren. This Scotch broth of a lass is high on any kind of music from the Scottish Highlands.

THE MAN OF FINANCIAL AFFAIRS

(Continued from page 17)

Archie found the thought a trifle depressing as he re-crossed the Via Veneto back into the more exclusive section of Rome. He hesitated at first, but then he entered the posh hotel cocktail lounge where he was to meet Rosalind for cocktails.

He was early and ordered a Martini. He was just down to the olive when Rosalind came breezing through the door, chic, blonde, fashionably windblown, the picture of what an American heiress should look like when trying to live up to the picture of what an American heiress should look like. Only in Rosalind's case it wasn't conscious effort; it was a natural part of her personality, she was, contrarily perhaps, to the numerous rich men or boys.

"Darling!" Firm, sweetened breaths indicated his sports jacket and cool, wealthy American lips tangled against his T-shirt, tailored shirt biked up over tanned slender legs as the look the hundred heads beside him and tourist heads revolved to take in the brightness of them. Small, even, well-pared-for white teeth flashed in a smile and her sweetened arm fell over Archie's shoulder possessively.

"Women, you have the fresh, manly aura of Fort Knox," Archie greeted her.

"And I feel no crisp as a new greenback," she laughed.

"Vulgar American show-off, flaunting your country's prosperity," he told her.

"Our vulgar prosperity is what makes us so lovable."

"How right you are," Archie murmured.

"You admit it. It isn't me you really care about, it's only my money." She hung her hand to her forehead in an exaggeratedly tragic pose. "Wee, wee, poor little rich girl to be loved for her lace and not for her own sweet self."

"I can't deny it and I'm a beauty," Archie admitted, being absolutely truthful and knowing he wouldn't be believed.

"Have you no conscience?"

"None at all. Take it from the rich girl, I always say."

"And give it to the poor girl?"

Archie almost choked on his drink. "And keep it for yourself," he said, covering quickly.

"How do you like my engagement ring, my beauty?" She shook a diamond-weighted finger in his face.

"Did I give that to you?"

"No, I gave that to me—but let's keep it our secret."

Well, that's all right. After all, I am giving me to you. Greater love hath no man."

"Greater cannot hath no man? Which reminds me, isn't about time we set a wedding date?"

"Now, now," Archie told her. "Let's not be frothing at the bridal bit."

"Why wait? After all, honor demands that you make an honest woman of me."

"It's more fun this way."

"My Daddy wouldn't think so."

"I wasn't exactly thinking of asking him to join us."

"That reminds me, Daddy's expecting you for dinner tonight. I'm not invited; just the two of you."

"Cozy. Anyway, I know. His secretary set the date with me. What's it all about?"

"Like me, I suppose he wants to know when you're gonna do right by his little Nell."

"I thought I'd been doing pretty well."

"And so you have, darling. No complaints." She winked a little on the bar stool, reminding Archie momentarily of Roscoe. "Which makes me want to mention the fact that I've rented a suite of rooms here for the afternoon, so why don't we?"

"Why indeed?" Archie followed her from the cocktail lounge to the elevator.

A couple of hours later they stepped forth from the elevator into the lobby once again. "Now, darling," Rosalind said. "I can't have you walking around without a son." She pressed a telephone into his hand.

"Brrrr! Oh, thanks." Absentmindedly, Archie stuck it into his pocket.

"Why so black, sweetheart? What ever are you thinking about?"

"Our... interlude," Archie answered truthfully.

"Oh. Yes, it was positively rummky, wasn't it? Well, I have to run now. Enjoy yourself with Daddy tonight." And she was gone.

Archie was still thinking about their "interlude" as he wandered aimlessly through the Roman streets, killing time until his dinner date with Rosalind's father. An "interlude" went, he'd had worse—but he'd also had better, namely Simone. The trouble was that Rosalind went at him in the same way she went at such other things as tennis, driving a sports car, organizing a party. She played her brains to win, drove to establish the superiority of her car and her driving over that of other cars and drivers on the road, threw parties to outdo other parties thrown by other people. But in sex, that, it struck Archie, was self-defeating. It was like when he dined with Rosalind; it was always a strain to keep her from leading. With Simone he could easily lose himself in the sex act itself, but with Rosalind he always had this feeling of being engaged in a contest. It struck Archie as typically American, having its points of interest, certainly not without its peculiar enjoyments, but he wondered how he'd like it over the long haul of marriage. For the first time the thought struck him that by marrying Rosalind he might well be earning his money.



"I'm glad to see that our electronic personnel processing machine was right about you."

He would have liked to force himself to pursue the idea, but his reverse was disturbed by an aching hand on his shoulder and a friendly English "Hello, Archie."

He turned to find himself facing Fred Whitney, Simone's husband. "Hi, Fred. Glad to see you."

They shook hands.

"Buy me a drink," Fred said brusquely, indicating a little outdoor cafe across the street.

"Sure," Archie said, following him to a table.

When they were seated with their drinks in front of them, Fred fixed Archie with a level gaze and held it for a long moment. When he spoke his voice was noticeably over-casual. "Archie," he said carefully, "just what is going on between you and my wife?"

"Dear carbon, Fred?"

"I said, just what is going on between you and Simone?"

"I don't think I understand the question."

"Come off it, old bean; we're not doing a panel show for the BBC. You know very well what I mean. My wife was seen leaving your hotel in the early a.m. yesterday."

"Fred, I think you're the victim of life gossip. Probably some half-witted friend saw a girl who looked like Simone coming out of my hotel and couldn't wait to tell you to stir up some trouble."

"It happens that I was the one who saw Simone and I was cold sober at the time. You're right about one thing, though, I caught very well stir up some trouble. I just might stir up one helluva lot of trouble, Archie."

Archie looked at the large, hairy, clenched fist Fred lay gently before him on the table and shuddered. In his multi-faceted career Fred had been a swordsman, a semi-professional boxer and a Judo instructor in the army. He had more muscles in his pinky than Archie had in his whole body and he seemed on the verge, in his quiet way, of flexing them.

But when he spoke, Archie's voice was carefully light and controlled. "I think you're doing Simone an injury with such suspicions, Fred," he said. "And even if they were justified, you should remember that there are an awful lot of men living in that hotel besides me. We have no quarrel, of anything you should discuss this with Simone."

"I intend to, old boy. And I must admit you've put your finger on my one doubt. However, it's fortunate for you that it exists. If it didn't..." Fred's eyes skewered him coldly.

"So, I apologize for the embarrassment of I'm wrong. But if I ever find out that the apology is unjustified," he added cheerfully, "I'll kill you."

"I had no idea you loved Simone

so much," said Archie with a trace of alarm.

"Love her? I lustre the bitch!"

"Then why the jealous husband come?"

"I can't afford to lose her; she's my real ticket."

"I see," said Archie, paying for the drinks. Economize, always economize, he was thinking to himself as he gravely shook hands goodbye with Fred and strolled towards his dinner date with Rosalind's father. At any rate, that wrote him to the after with Simone. Just as well, probably, considering that he was engaged to Rosalind, Simone's—his night as well as weary Rosalind. Financially speaking, it was the right step.

However, Rosalind's father had other ideas. He wasn't at all shy about voicing them, either. He began with the soup course.

"So you and Rosalind want to tie the knot, eh?" he said gruffly.

"If you mean we want to get married, yes, that seems to be the idea."

"Why?"

Archie paused for only the fraction of an instant. "Because we're in love."

"Well, she's in love with you, that's for sure. But are you really in love with her?" His voice was skeptical.

"Would I want to marry her if I weren't?"

"Don't be impertinent with me, young fellow. When I ask a question, I expect an answer."

"I find the way you asked that question insulting to Rosalind. And I find this whole cross-examination insulting to me."

"Well, that's just too bad. Ain't you the sensitive one, though? Sit down!" He raised the words as Archie threw his napkin on the table and started to his feet. "I'm Rosalind's father," he continued in quieter tones, "and she's my only child. It's only natural I'm concerned about who she marries. It ain't hurting you to respect that concern."

"I suppose not—as long as you're civil."

"I came up the hard way, sonny. And I didn't get where I am today by being civil."

"We're talking about your daughter, not cornering the market in hog."

"You don't think much of the meat-packing business, hey?"

"The little I know about it's enough to make me seriously consider becoming a vegetarian."

"Next time you'll be telling me you're an atheist!" Rosalind's father's face was purple.

"I am."

"Pugh!" He took a deep breath and controlled himself. "If you ask me, you want to marry Rosalind for her money."

"Of course. Partly, anyway."

"You admit it?" The old man was incredulous.

"Naturally. Why should I deny it?"

"Why should you deny it?" He shook his head as though ducking a swarm of bees. "Don't you even have the common decency—the moral fibre—" The words gave way to a frustrated spluttering.

"There are many attractive things about Rosalind, money is one of them, that's all."

"That's all?"

"I don't see why you should be so shocked. I've done as much to earn the money as Rosalind has, certainly. I've as much right to it as she has. And as far as you're concerned, I venture to say the ethics by which you obtained your fortune won't bear too close scrutiny."

"That's certainly none of your business." In any case, you admit that you're marrying my daughter for her money, right?"

"In essence, yes."

"Suppose I cut her off without a cent, would you still marry her?"

Archie thought a moment. "I'm not sure."

"You're not sure! If that doesn't make you a common fortune-hunter, I don't know what does."

"I repeat the word 'common.' I told you Rosalind's money is part of her inheritance. I've told her the same thing. I'm not hiding anything."

"All right, young man, let's get

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small intimate night club near his hotel. As the hairdresser girl helped Archie off with his topcoat, her large, half-opened, half-bare breasts illuminated themselves just below his shoulders. Their posture made Archie turn around. He was greeted by an open invitation in her eyes. With \$5,000 in cash burning a hole in his pocket, he didn't hesitate for an instant. "What time do you get through here?" he asked. She told him and they made arrangements to meet from the back of her. Archie told himself the \$5,000 wouldn't last long but it would sure be fun while it did last.

He sat down at the bar and ordered a drink. Just as the bartender brought it a pretty, expensively-dressed girl in an evening gown turned from the stool beside him and asked him for a light for her cigarette. Providing it, Archie

introduced himself politely. When she told him her name, he was perked up. It was a name that meant old wiles and guile and coils of mist.

"You're quite rich, aren't you?" he said conversationally.

"Quite."

"I'm quite poor."

"But you have . . . other qualities."

Her voice was suggestive.

"Yes," he laughed. "I'm also a firm believer in sharing the wealth."

"What about value given for value received?"

"It's the hallmark of my philosophy." He let his leg brush gently against hers and felt a quick answering pressure.

That's the way it was with Archie. Financial love affairs were more than just a means of being a Robin Hood of sex. They were his way of life.

NO WOMAN IS SAFE



THE MILLIONAIRE SHE-DEVIL

(Continued from page 8)

yet has been expelled from school for "conduct generally unbecoming a lady"—particularly for starting a fire in the dormitory, leading a "jockstrap raid" on a nearby men's college dorm, and proving caught in flagrant delinquency with the leading man, back-stage, during the school play.

"She's just high-spirited," murmured Jason as he read the bad review.

Then he laughed with me. "Mac—what the hell can I do about her?" He looked suddenly odd.

"I'm afraid I'm the one who started the whole business right then and there. Because I said, jokingly, 'Why not bring her down here and let her and Lance Malden look normal? They might turn one another.'"

It had to be a joke because Judy was only nineteen and Lance Malden was—well, how do you describe a guy like that? The field manager of Collette Corne Lance was thirty years old, six-three, 215, handsome as any H movie hero, disarming twine, an enthusiasm-laden boaster of sorts, Korean war with three decorations—hell, if you just hit the high spots, you only get half an idea of what he was like. I don't have time to tell the rest: how no man or woman ever turned him; how he treated both men and women alike—they were necessary instruments designed to satisfy his various needs, whims and appetites.

Sure, Lance Malden had a problem, but haven't we all? The thing is, he was such a big guy that his problem seemed that much bigger. We often wondered what it was but, not relishing the idea of ridicule, nobody ever asked him about it.

Well, like I said, I suggested we get him and Judy together—just joking. But old Jason Collette took fire at the idea. "That," he shouted,

"is it! Look at it this way, Mac—they're both headed for perdition individually, in any case. It might be better if they go together—and maybe they might just save one another, instead. We ought to give them the chance, right?"

I didn't think so, but I said right because when Jason decides something, well, you'd better say right.

So Judy flew down to Georgetown two weeks later. We picked her up in my personal Cooney 191—which I often use around on company business—and brought her bag, baggage, pony tail and borrowed pants to the main setting her up in the building used as an office and living quarters by Jason and me.

The reason I can tell the rest of this with authority is that everybody likes, and confides in, me. At a youngish (I think) 28, I'm a sort of father-confessor type. For some reason, men and women alike trust me, so they talk to me the way they'd hesitate to talk to a relative or spouse. However, I can tell you it's pretty hard to feel fatherly when a very beautiful, very young, girl is sitting on the arm of your chair, with one C-cup in each from your maxillary muscle and spilling her intimate little innards.

Well, then . . .

From the very beginning, Judy and Lance were like two skilled swordsmen parrying, teasing, looking for the right opening. Except for the times when it was like a couple of Sumo wrestlers meeting head on. With Jason and me, Judy had her way in everything, she bowed us around unceremoniously, and we loved it. She kept busy by helping around the office and studying nature in the nearby jungle areas. "She was designed for this kind of life," said old

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the office, just the two of us. Some month-or-so-ago present of hope (yes, damn it, I had had hope)—not of making it with Judy, but hope that she hadn't been making it with Lance! made me slap him playfully on the shoulder. In buddy-buddy fashion, I said, "Okay, let's have it. Two guys, so far, have told me they saw you and Judy rolling in the rubber together. How about it?"

He stared at me for a few seconds and I had visions of spending the next month in the infirmary. Then he grinned. "I didn't think you'd been so careless. From now on, we'll exercise the proper precautions."

I found an excuse to leave the office. I hadn't thought it would make me so sick.

The whole situation blew its lid a couple of hours later. So did I. After wandering around the village awhile, I knew what I had to do. First I went back to the office. Both Judy and the old man were there. I told him I was quitting—right now—and he could settle up with me for rent. He was still in a state of shock as I stalked out.

Judy wasn't. She ran after me and, as I stomped upstairs to pack, she stopped me right between the shoulder blades. I turned to find her glaring at me, her lovely face still lovely in anger. "I can't stand a coward," she said, "and you haven't the guts you were born with!" Then she turned and strolled toward the door.

At that moment, Lance walked in, his bulk blocking the doorway. He glanced from Judy to me and back, then, up the situation at a glance. Then, as Judy tried to push her way past him, he seized her roughly. Although talking to her, he looked me straight in the eye.

"That's no way to treat your lover or, lady," he pulled her closer to him. "Give me a kiss before you go—no hold me until tonight."

She tried to break away, but it was like trying to break out of an iron maiden. He forced his lips against hers.

Okay, so I went berserk. It's the only explanation I scraped down the half dozen steps to the landing in one jump, pulled Judy away from Lance, and then I let him have it square on the button. It knocked him, through the doorway I went after him.

It was the surprise of it that saved me. I'm not the most robust person in the world and, at 39, I've had it as an athlete. But I have a few memories of teaching Karate during the war, and a subsequent hitch with the French, where I became pretty far off to prove it.

The truth is that poor Muldoon didn't have a chance as I kicked, stabbed and elbowed him into an inert heap in seconds. (Cont.)

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Then I turned, brushing by Judy
—who stood staring at me like
someone being prepared for brain
surgery—and went upstairs to my
room. It took me five minutes to
pack. They could send the rest of
the stuff to me in Honduras. A friend
there had been trying for two years
to get me to go partners with him
in a book airline. I decided that, if
it had taken all of this emotional
agony to give me the guts to do it
—well, it was all to the good.

Not all I knew I would never
quite get Judy Gottlieb out of my
system. But I could not so hell try.

The effect lasted just ten minutes
—the time it took to drive out to
the landing strip. She was waiting
for me in the Cessna when I opened
the door of the shack.

She didn't say anything for a
while—just let me unravel. I got it
all out and it took a good five min-
utes. I finished by ordering her out
of the airplane. "Now get the hell
back to your Muldoon and let me
live the rest of my life in peace!"

She didn't go. She said, so quietly
I could barely hear her, "I've loved
you from the instant I laid eyes on
you. We're leaving here together in
this airplane, and as soon as we get
to wherever we're going, I'm going
to marry you."

I sat down on the nearest wheel.
I would have had to sit down if it
had been a hurricane lamp.

Judy went on, her eyes on mine.
"I'm no virgin, but I'm no tramp,
either. As for Lance Muldoon, I
admit I was curious. Also, I saw
through that silly plot of yours and
Dad's—to get me and Lance togeth-
er. I decided to stop you a lesson."
She leaned forward a little to stress
her words. "I never once went to
bed with him."

I gazed at the air. "Then why did
you give me all those blow-by-blow
accounts of—of—?" She wore won-
derful looking left as suddenly as it
had come. "—And why did he con-
firm them?"

She laughed like glass tinkling in
the wind. "Nothing original about
that. I saw right away that you were
the strong, silent, pipe-and-clippers
and whiskey-and-coda type who
would never forget our age differ-
ence or the fact that Dad wanted me
for Lance. You'd stand by me and let
him have me even though it tore
your insides out—let alone mine. As
for Lance's confirmation—" she
shook her head with genuine pity.
"—I feel so sorry for him. Don't
you see? The poor guy did that to
himself. He started off, I checked
on him the week after I got here—
after I found he wasn't in the least
affected by my devastating charms.
Among other things, I paid a visit to
Madame Tong's fun-and-games
house. Lance has been there, yes—
many times—but not for a girl."

"You mean—" I blushed at her. I felt sorry for him, I really did. And he, those two marriages were simply cover-ups, as was the need to act like a b-be-man and, on the surface, be one.

The wonderful warm feeling was back, only doubt I looked around the richly hangar. "I believe you

mentioned that place in one of your weird tales. Shall we—?"

Julie drew me to her. "Let's wait till we get to where we're going."

I kissed her lightly. "Do you know where we're going?"

She nodded. "Yep—Paradise."

As usual, she was right. We've been here ever since. ■

LOVE ON A CREDIT CARD

(Continued from page 36)

that they are only too happy to supply to their credit card customers as demand. On the bill, they will be listed as extra food or drink items such as high-priced wines or rare, imported foods—but the customer knows very well what he is paying for. And since the restaurant is paid directly by the credit company, it runs no risk of the customer refusing to honor the often inflated bill.

Some spots go even further than that, having special private rooms where joy can be had for the asking. One of the most famous restaurants on the East Coast is known as much for the beauty of the unlimited "fisher" on its menu as it is for the excellence of its cuisine.

But the most outrageous operators of all are those which supply female companionship to guests in many of the best hotels in the country. They may operate under cover of most any type of store from garments to candy shops, but their real income is derived through agents such as the

brothels I mentioned in the beginning of this article.

More often than not, they operate without the knowledge—or, at least, the "official" knowledge—of the hotels, themselves. But, despite this handicap, they have become big business and are normally run by men connected with America's multi-billion dollar crime syndicates.

What do the credit card companies think of all this? They don't like it. But there is very little they can do to change the situation.

When they catch a bar or restaurant that features girls for hire, they cancel its affiliation. But due to the nature of this "business" it is hard for the credit outfits to hunt out the bad apples in their basketful of stores.

No, looks on the cuff still go on. And they will undoubtedly keep going on for as long as men have a taste for "the sweet life" and a magic plastic card through which they can satisfy that taste. ■

RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS BORDELLOS

(Continued from page 37)

appeared in the lively *Le Monde*.

It was not only in bed that these girls were trained to make a man comfortable. The prelude to love-making was lively conversation in the sales drawingroom, while being waited on by impeccable servants.

Not that the ladies' more serious training was neglected. Far from it. They knew the love-making techniques that were devised to slip past the short of driving a man out of his mind. All the many varieties of love-making were practiced with equal skill. If many of these girls were paid small fortunes and were able to retire as wealthy young ladies, there were good reasons for this fact.

If a man had a taste for the license and the unusual, he had no trouble in finding high-priced establishments which catered to this sort of amusement, also. Paris was notoriously tolerant, and there were very few practices a man could not indulge in and very few days he could not come—that is, as long as he had the money to pay for his fun.

Even while La Belle Époque was in full swing, however, social re-

formers endeavored to abolish the system. The first serious move was made in 1903, when a special commission was set up to consider the possible closing of the bordellos. Nothing came of it, of course, but the talk did go on.

Then came the first World War with its tremendous social and financial upheavals. The bordellos, like all luxuries were shaken. They made a partial recovery in the twenties and thirties, but never regained their earlier height.

There were two main reasons for this—and both are tied in with the new rights for women. In the first place, as housewives gained the vote and became more powerful politically, they did not neglect their old enemy the high living prostitute. Secondly, young women demanded more sexual freedom for themselves and entered into direct competition with the professionals.

The conflict came to a head after World War II, with the houses—both great and small—closing their doors in 1946.

Does this mean that prostitution is

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dead in France? Certainly not! It is
not even illegal! The law only men-
tioned the state-regulated brothels
and said nothing about making pros-
titution a crime or chasing the girls
off the streets.

Today, Paris still holds more than
20,000 prostitutes. The police have a
rather roundabout way of making
sure that they get regular examina-
tions by authorized doctors. When-
ever a woman is arrested for "sol-
diering," police ask her to produce a
card showing that she has had a
checkup within the past week. If she
doesn't have this proof, she is taken
off to a hospital for a physical.

There are, of course, a good many
illegal bordells still operating in
the back rooms of bars, steam baths,

beauty parlors and other institu-
tions. But for the most part the girls
have taken to the streets.

So, an era has ended. For good!
That is hard to say. Certainly the
moral reformers and feminists who
brought about the change hope it is
for good. But the new law did not
legislate a new morality and there
has already been some talk about
bringing the state-approved bordells
back.

It's doubtful, though, that they
actually will return—at least in our
age. And, even if they do, it's not
likely that they will reach their
former glory. That was the glory of
another day, a day which had its
faults, true enough, but also had its
pleasures.

MEL TORME—OUT OF THE FOG

(Continued from page 25)

progressive musicians. Now, he
would sing the kind of songs he
likes in the free and easy manner
in which he most likes to sing.

How did the public react? They
may well have been puzzled at first.
But as they listened to Torme sing,
the most knowledgeable among them
realized that they were hearing an
authentic jazz stylist. His knowledge
of music from the composer's end
permits him to use rhythms and
harmonies that many singers can
just reach for in a rare moment of
inspiration.

His latest recording is an Atlantic
release called, "Cowin' Home Baby."
A strictly jazz wailing with tremen-
dous rhythmic feeling, it has still
become a fast commercial success.

The record company, itself, reports
that in their entire history, no record
has been packed by so many disk
jockeys so quickly.

This new feeling of strength seems
also to show itself in Mel's private
life. He lives more quietly, now,
with his second wife, Arlene, and a
no longer the feisty, temper-tem-
pered "kid" that many in the music
business still remember with a hard-
ly concealed shudder.

What will his future be like? Con-
sidering Torme's career, if sometimes
brilliant career in the past, no one
is willing to prophesy. But, for the
present, at least, Torme is happy
and satisfied. He has finally left the
carnivals and has gone over to the
solid jazz stuff.





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(Continued from page 20)

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her friend "I know you're my best friend, dear. But please don't try to muscle in on my date."

"Your date? You know I've had my eye on him for months!"

"Well, just put your eye back in its socket, dear, and get lost!"

"Girls," I said. "Girls."

But they weren't listening to me. Indeed, they weren't even listening to each other. Penny's hands had a death grip on Selly's hair, while Sel was doing her level best to rip off Penny's blouse.

Under the circumstances, there was only one thing for me to do: Leave.

I went into an all-male bar, ordered a couple of double martinis and tried to think things through. I had to be careful. That was plain. From now on, I would only think of that word when I meant business.

I had dinner and ordered a few more drinks. The world was looking brighter, again. I decided to go into a night club, one where they had a real wild chorus line. There I could make my selection.

I went into the Curvy Corner and took a seat by the bar. Once the show began I could see everything I needed to from there.

And there was a lot to see. This joint had the reputation of having the hottest show in town, and it certainly did its best to live up to its name. One production number featured a whole line of girls in G-strings, large flowered hats and nothing else in between. I took it all in happily. Any one of them would be worth thinking "trif" for, I thought.

At that point the girls seemed to lose interest in their dance. They climbed down from the stage and headed towards the bar. I went right. I had done it again!

The girls were starting to converge on me, trying to elbow each other out of the way. The manager was

turning purple, the audience was trying to decide if it was all part of the act and I was looking around the room, wildly, trying to find a way out.

Why couldn't I have kept control of myself? I wondered frantically. Why did I have to think of "trif" then?

My eyes had been darting everywhere. So every female in the room was affected, this time! Old ones, young ones, ugly ones, pretty ones, they left the tables of their husbands and lovers to join with the mob of near naked chorus girls who were descending upon me.

The place was a pandemonium. Every time a woman would get near me, five or six others would grab her, knock her down and struggle to take her place. They were clawing, grabbing, hitting and everything at each other. It was hard to tell who would win. The chorus girls had the reach and height over the lady customers, but on their exposed state they were far more vulnerable to dirty tactics.

It was all too much for me. It's nice to be loved, but, after all, there is a limit! I made a wild dash for the door and managed to escape.

I went back to my flat and locked the door. Then, I took a cold shower—a poor substitution for what I had in mind, but it did clear my head. I needed to think.

By now, it's morning and I still can't find a solution. Oh, the narrow sounds simple enough! Just don't think of that word unless the conditions are right. But did you ever try not thinking of something? Huh?

I am going back to that magic shop, though. I know he warned me and he said that he couldn't take the word away until it wears out in two or three years. But perhaps he has a trick that will take me to the South Pole! I could wait there a place.

Maybe he even knows a way to make Crispin come along!

THE FACTS OF LIFE

(Continued from page 24)

"I'm glad we had this talk, though, Bill. And I hope you learned something from it."

"Oh, I did, Dad, I did."

"Good. Well, good night then. And remember, son, everything in moderation."

"Hey, babe, dancing with you is the perfect fulfillment of a homosexual desire."

"Boy, you really come on strong, doesn't you, Bill? I mean, after all, we just met."

"We been talking without words since we started dancing, baby. Come on, let's go some place where we can be alone."

"I don't know, Bill, I'm a nice girl. I mean you should know that about me." What are you laughing about?

"Nothing. I was just thinking of something my dad said to me before I left tonight. It's not important. Come on, sweetie, let's find ourselves some privacy."

"Well, all right."

A Parisian Note for American Belles

[illegible]

JOHN CORNIG, CAME—You'll notice that before the opening we gave different definitions. Another top dog from Illinois came and a representative of another state came and here I'd like to introduce you to another state for Kentucky's Dr. Paul C. H. Smith, quality service before. And then, thank you, Dr. Paul C. H. Smith. (Applause)

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(Continued from page 56)

sticks in your mind presently, Flip?"

"I'll say there is."

"Tell our audience about it, Flip."

"It was in the game against Omega Nu. We were leading by six points with about five minutes left to play in the last quarter. It was third down with eight yards to go and we were on their 23 yard line. The only thing we could do was take to the air. I called a pass play, held onto the ball until the last possible minute after they'd broken through our line, then fired it at our Left End behind their goalposts. The Left End jumped high in the air for it, and—"

"Yes? Yes?"

"His bra strap broke."

"Oh."

"Yeah, she came down clutching her hands to her chest, but she didn't have the ball. It had been intercepted by the Omega Right End—a girl who could depend on her Masked form. She took off down that field in a really great exhibition of broken field running. Within seconds, there was nothing between her and our goal but me. I gauged her carefully, to the split second, then loosed a flying tackle that caught her right above the knees."

"So you brought her down—"

"Not exactly. What the force of my tackle really brought down was her pants. She kept on running."

"That's too bad. So she made the touchdown—"

"No. She tripped on her pants and fell flat on her face in the mud. I immediately jumped on top of her and tried to get the ball. Both my team and hers piled on top of both of us. What a mess!"

"Did you get the ball?"

"Yeah. And the chair, too."

"I beg pardon?"

"When they finally pulled everybody off us, she and I were lying on the ground unconscious. She didn't have her pants on, I guess you might say our position was compromising. Some damn fool reporter snapped a picture of us and it was in the paper the next day. Her father saw it. He came around with a shotgun and we were married the following weekend."

"Heh-heh, yes; Well, Flip, tell us about some of your other glorious experiences."

"There weren't any. That was the only game I ever played in."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. After that, they drummed me out of the sorority. They said anybody who'd marry the opposing team's Right End must be a lunk."

"That's a shame."

"Yeah, it did been a tackle, I don't think they would have minded so much."

"So now I'll bet you and your wife and the kids have your own little scrimmages..."

"How much?"

"What?"

"How much will you bet?"

"Oh. That was just a figure of speech..."

"Like my wife."

"Hub?"

"She's a figure of speech?"

"He-he-he. Oh, Flip, you sure do have a wonderful sense of humor... Tell me, did you play ball in the service?"

"No, Artie. By the time I got into the Army I'd had enough of balls—baseball, football, basketballs—to last me a lifetime."

"I suppose so."

"Yeah, there's only one trouble."

"Yes. Umm. So you were too busy fighting the war to participate in athletics in the service, right?"

"Wrong. I was in a real jockeying outfit—Garry's. Seery! I mean, our CO was extremely athletic-minded, and everybody in our outfit had to get out there and strain his muscles for the regiment."

"I see. Are we still on?"

"Oh, good. And which sport did you participate in, Flip?"

"I posed. A kangaroo."

"You posed against kangaroos?"

"Just one. She knocked me out. I never posed again. I took up the base violin instead."

"You gave up your ring career for music. You traded glory for the satisfaction of the arts. Your family must have been very proud."

"Not exactly, Artie. The fact is, they couldn't stand hearing me play. I was pretty bad."

"But you stuck to it, determined to make Carnegie..."

"No. I stopped playing. I just held on to the base violin."

"Oh... Why?"

"In case that kangaroo came near me again... I was going to bust it right over her skull!"

"What a sportsman! I ask you, folks, is this a sportsman? That applause, ladies and gentlemen, is our studio audience showing their appreciation of a really great champion. Flip Feastermacher. Well, Flip, I see we don't have too much time left. Is there anything else about your athletic career you'd like to tell us?"

"No."

"I see. Modesty, folks, is one of Flip Feastermacher's most endearing qualities... Oh, do you ever play at sports with your kids, Flip?"

"Not if I can help it... They take after their mother."

"I see. What games do they play?"

"Pony is their favorite."

"And you never play with them?"

"Well... Once I did."

"Tell us about it in the 35 seconds we have left, Flip."

"There's not much to tell. I was going for eighth-y, and I slipped on the kary and broke my ankle."

"And your children were crestfallen..."

"They haven't stopped laughing."

"Which shows they have a great sense of humor, just like their father. They've got a lot to live up to, it isn't easy having a father who's a real all-round champion like Flip Feastermacher... Flip, I want to thank you for being our guest to-night and wish you the best of luck in the upcoming match against Yagolians."

"Thank you, Artie. It was a real pleasure. Good night."

"Good night, Flip Feastermacher. There he goes, ladies and gentlemen."

Flip Feastermacher, a real sportsman, outfielder, quarterback, hopster and boxer. Yes, yes, Flip Feastermacher, World Champion Tiddleywinks player. And this is Artie Gable signing off now, and leaving you with this thought: When Flip's in there defending the championship, fighting knuckle-and-mud with everything he's got, he's not just defending his title; he's giving his all for all of us... Good night!

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